THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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LITTLE WOMEN.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eye!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says—*A word unto the wise.*
A pepper corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.
And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there is a taste of paradise.
Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color and price and virtue in the clearness of its rays—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty and grace and love and fidelity always.
The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing:
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.
The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay mandolan doth strain his little throat—
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat;
And such a little woman is when Love doth make her dote.
There's naught can be compared to her throughout the wide creation:
She is a paradise on earth—our greatest consolation—
So cheerful, gay and happy, so free from all vexation.
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.
If, as her size increases, are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
Now of two evils choose the less—said a wise man of the East:
By consequence of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

"Ah! Captain Gordon, I have not forgotten you. The new name was the part that I could not reconcile." It was Mrs. Danvers who spoke at last, in a low, unsteady tone.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE!

OR,

THE STOLEN HEIRESS!

By Mary E. Woodson,

Author of "A Woman's Vow," "Oaklands," &c.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER VII.

SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

"It was far enough away, I know, across two seas and half a continent; but with my unprepossessing face before you, can you not yet recall?" murmured Captain Graham, in soft, persuasive accents. "Does your present happiness so completely efface from your memory all recollection of Miss Miriam Roscoe, Madame Dupre and the old days at Cairo?"

Very slowly the color came back to Miriam Danvers' face. They who observed could plainly detect that the associations of this man, which he himself had recalled, had been by no means pleasant to her. Some of them had heard that she had not been wealthy when Eugene Danvers lifted her from her low state by marriage; and this, they felt assured, must be one of the acquaintances of her less prosperous days, of whom in her present position, she must feel somewhat ashamed.

But on the other hand, he too was exquisitely dressed—a handsome man, certainly, to those who regard form rather than expression, and in his whole bearing had assumed a manner of polite and easy patronage towards her.

He now smiled in mischievous amusement at her visible trepidation, and glanced around at the observers with a look that said plainly, "You see through this. She feels my power, and I shall force her to express it."

"Ah! Captain *Gordon*, I have not forgotten you. The new name was the part that I could not reconcile." It was Mrs Danvers who spoke at last, in a low, unsteady tone.

Eugene was standing close at hand, with an expression of surprise and interest on his handsome face.

"Captain Gordon was my *nom de guerre*," said the stranger, still with the set smile that displayed his dazzlingly white teeth. "I had forgotten that as such I was alone known to Madame Dupre. You see, sir, when we enter a foreign army we know not what disasters of war may befall us, and hence we generally assume an *alias*, that if the worst should come, our friends may be at least in some uncertainty as to our fate. Such were my motives when she knew me as Captain Gordon. Since returning to my own country I have, of course, resumed my paternal cognomen."

"You are then a native of America?" said Eugene.

"Ah, yes."

"And you have been absent quite a while?"

"Ten years, with the exception of a few brief visits here."

"You do not dread the ocean as I did then?" said Miriam, rousing herself with an effort.

"Oh, no! I enjoy it. There is something pleasant to me in perpetual agitation. If a choice could be had between a battle on land and a storm at sea, I think it should be given to the latter. I prefer a home in the deep, deep sea to the horrors of a graveyard any time; but we grow gloomy. You only reached here to-day, madame, I am informed?"

"Only to-day."

"I was at the depot when the train came in, and you may imagine my surprise when I recognized you. I readily learned your destination, but imagined you had been here quite a while, and were to-day only returning from some short trip."

"No, as I said, this is my first evening here."

"Travel has, if possible, improved you, Mrs. Danvers; you never looked better. We were quite surprised to hear of your marriage, though I suppose we ought not to have. Your life, like my own, has been a changing and eventful one, has it not?"

"Far more so than I would ever have chosen, had I been arbiter of my own destiny," she answered, with an accent akin to bitterness. "You gentleman may be fond of the vicissitudes of active life; but to a woman's heart there is greater peace even in the quiet of the desert. The storms of Fate have been ever about me, until I long, oh! so intensely for the calm."

Those who were near enough to catch the plaintive tone of her voice, were painfully startled at the contrast which it presented to the silvery laughter and artificial gaiety of half an hour before. She had lifted her eyes to Captain Graham's face, and he, too, seemed to be softened.

"I am afraid I recall unpleasant associations to Mrs. Danvers," he said, half to her and half as in explanation to Eugene. "The first time I ever saw your lady—Madame Dupre then, the lady of our gallant colonel—was at one of the French outposts down on the Nile, when that part of our army was besieged by a host of Arabs and Bedouins. The strife was hand to hand, and bloody in the extreme, but the Arabs numbered ten to one, and our small band was about precipately to retreat, when our colonel became aware that the quarter in which he had left his lady and her attendants with a guard had already been cut off by the barbarians. Never from the throats of human beings was heard such shouts, as then broke from our squadron. The colonel placed himself at their head—the lightning fairly flashed from his eyes, and every man swore to aid him in the rescue, or to sell his life upon the spot. As is often the case, a fierce determination in the breasts of a few overcame the multitude battling without momentarily specific cause. It was there that the colonel received his first wound. Oh, he was a gallant gentleman! And it was there, I think madame, that you likewise renewed your acquaintance with the Portuguese family to which Nina DaCosta belonged?"

"Yes."

She had asked him no questions of old friends yet.

"She remembers you still, with unabated affection. Her mother, I am sorry to say, died about four months since."

"Ah!" This time it sounded like a sigh of relief.

"Yes, and Miss Da Costa, like so many others of those fiery natures from the south of Europe, was well nigh mad, as indeed half the world still believes her to be. She is married, also."

"Married! And to whom?" Miriam's tone had, unconsciously to herself, become quick and eager.

"To Caspar Lennox."

"My God!"

This exclamation broke sharply from the lips of the queenly Mrs. Danvers, whom none could have supposed that an earthquake could so astound when they had seen her first this evening.

"Ah, forgive me," said Captain Graham, in a slow, deliberate tone.

Did he wish to recall her to her habitual presence of mind?

"I forgot that you are a lady of gentle, sympathetic temperament, and that these strange, disastrous *contretemps* of a border life, must strike you with little less than horror. You think that Nina Da Costa had better have destroyed herself at once! I quite agree with you, but they seemed to think otherwise. They fancied that they had together a purpose to work out. Will you favor me with a promenade of a few moments around the rooms?"

Mrs. Danvers arose from the seat, excused herself briefly to the gentlemen around her, and to Eugene, and passed her arm through that of the stranger. As she approached the door, she grew a shade paler on observing that the eyes of Mr. Philip Danvers were fastened intently upon her.

"Pray, be composed," whispered Captain Graham, "you are manifesting more agitation than I had ever thought it possible for you to do. Far more than is good for you, if you will believe I can advise you for your own interests. Ah, now you lift your head with something of the old haughty look that won for you the title of 'queen of hearts' in the camps. Which way shall we turn?"

"To death, if you will! I would end it, at once."

"My dear lady, you are rash. A thing I never did expect. I have too unnatural a horror of death to wish to send any of my friends that way. Life, under any circumstances, would be preferable, and you have it here, with all that could render existence desirable. You were looking so happy when I came in, too. I am afraid the best of us are ungrateful creatures. Glance around at these people here. Do you imagine that any of them are entirely happy? Your knowledge of human nature will tell you better. They each have their skeleton in the closet, and, honestly, I think they must be as bad to look at as I am."

"Let us turn into the conservatory to the right."

"Ah, now that sounds like the woman of business that you always were. Why will you never look upon me as your friend? It is to our mutual interests to protect each other."

"I have placed myself beyond the need of protection from others," she said, a momentary anger flashing from her eyes. "And why can not you, a strong man, do the same? Do you seek it from me?"

"Softly, Mrs. Danvers. You are not at all yourself this evening. You are generally quoted, even by us, as a pattern of discretion. Let me see, there is no one here, so we can sit or walk as we will, and have nothing to interrupt us."

"What will my husband say?"

"Now that is too shallow," and Captain Graham laughed—a laugh of cruel amusement. "Have I not talked with him for fully fifteen minutes, and do I not see that he is innocence itself."

"You are compromising me with others."

"Pshaw! They will hardly take me for your lover. You did not seem quite glad enough to see me for that."

"Why have you hunted me down?"

"Most natural thing in the world. I pride myself on my cleverness, and I couldn't bear for you to think that you had outgeneraled me. It was a sharp thing in you to entrap this innocent young nabob—very sharp. Do you think I did not suspect it, when our gallant colonel lay——"

"Hush! For the love of God, hush!"

"Well, I was simply answering a question. I will take another form. You asked me why I did not put myself in a position where I need not ask aid of others, as you have done. Let the mirror in front of us tell you. Do you not see that it has endowed you with gifts which few mortals in this world ever possess. If I had beauty or talents comparable to yours, don't you suppose I would have sold them, as you have done? Heaven was less kind, and hence I am here."

"What do you want?"

"Can you ask me that when you think of your present position and look around you?"

"I was a fool to do so. You mean to have money."

"What a hard mistress is necessity! This is an awkward subject between people surrounded as we are, is it not?" he exclaimed.

"For heaven's sake have done with foolishness, and tell me how much you want, and on what conditions you are to receive it?"

"I leave you to name the conditions," said the Captain, gallantly. "They are always sweet from a woman's lips."

"Where are Caspar Lennox and his wretched wife?"

"They are here!"

"Here!" and she looked around with a shudder.

"I mean in the city," replied her companion, coolly. "But if you will believe me, and I have told you a dozen times they know nothing of the Colonel's —— ahem! I am very careless. I mean they know nothing that can materially affect your position here. They suspect, but are themselves encompassed by too many difficulties, not to be especially guarded in all matters where they would invoke the aid of the law. No, the little trouble at which I do but hint is known only to you and myself, and we may have it buried with us. What could I gain by spreading it broadcast here?"

This was certainly true, and Miriam began to recover her accustomed *sang froid*.

"I should undoubtedly have to exchange pistol shots with your adoring lord, and though I am a fine shot, I *might* get a bullet for my pains. On the other hand, if ever I admired a man for his cool, invincible bravery, that man was Louis Reynard Dupre, your late husband; and hence I think you should respect my feelings, and be willing to aid a friend for whom the world has not wagged so easily as for yourself."

"You want money?"

"Aye! But why repeat the question? You yourself have said it, and there is something grating to fine nerves—something cold, almost brutal, in the blunt English."

"Then hear me. My husband's father had fancied me to be the daughter of famous Hunter Roscoe until to-day, and was astounded, on my arrival, to find me only a distant cousin, and a widow at the time of his son's marriage. There were two Douglas Roscoes, as you know. My father was well known to this Philip Danvers, and it would seem that he has heard more of his daughter as Madame Louis Dupre, than I would ever have supposed it possible for him to do. His reception of me was positively charming. The first Colonel Reynard Dupre he also knew of. Now he fancies me the child of that other Douglas Roscoe, and the wife of the first colonel. He must not be undeceived, or the consequences might be fatal to me. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes," answered Graham, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But the incomprehensible thing to me is that you knew the whole history of this Danvers family before you had met one of them, and that your husband is, even to this day, so ignorant of yours."

"That is my own affair," she answered bitterly. "A point which it could avail you nothing to know. I told him that I was very poor, and had known some privations in my youth, and he was content not to look farther back than Colonel Reynard Dupre, of whose valor all were ready to speak."

"You should have worn widows' weeds for so gallant a man longer than six months. It was there that you surprised us all. Is your rather pompous papa-in-law apprised of that?"

"In heaven's name, no!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "I would hardly be supposed to tell him, and Eugene will not do so unless obliged. But, tell me, do you agree to my arrangement?"

"*Pour combien?*"

"For what you will. Name your price."

"Ah! have you so much funds in hand already?"

"No," she answered, remembering with whom she had to deal. "I have very little; but I can risk all things, and obtain it from my husband, if you will only promise never to come here again, or to hold communications with any member of this family."

"Ahem! you are harder than I thought. There would be an additional sacrifice not to see you again, for you know how even the most insensible of men must admire you."

"Peace!" she exclaimed, with growing impatience. "Of what avail to me or yourself will your admiration be, do you think? Ah! Miles Gordon, I know you; you love nothing in this wide world but money."

"A remarkable resemblance between us there, is it not?"

"This interview has been protracted too long," interrupted Miriam. "Will you come to terms, or not? Remember, as I said, that you are not to come here again. I shall rely on your word, for it is said that there must be some honor, even among thieves. If any exigency should possibly arise, rendering it necessary for you to hear from me in the future, you will send some messenger; the sight of you maddens me."

"How very flattering you are."

"I mean it, from the bottom of my heart. How much?"

"Well, since you will have me come to business, I need ten thousand dollars at once. I could wait six months, perhaps, for another ten."

"Man, are you mad!" she cried, aghast. "Do you think a woman could demand such a sum of money of her husband, in this country, and dispose of it without his knowledge, unless she excites his lasting suspicion and displeasure?"

"You complained of a waste of time just now. This is nothing else. A lady with half your talents could manage that. You will require nothing easier."

"And yet it is more money than, perhaps, either you or I ever saw, before chance sent me here."

"Chance! See how you underrate your talents. You should be cautious—fortune may seek to be avenged on you."

"Let it come. I am desperate."

"You will think differently to-morrow. Considering your means and my necessities, you cannot regard my conditions as very hard," he pleaded.

"They are such as I fear I shall never be able to meet. How long will you give me?" she asked, sharply.

"Three days."

"Impossible!"

"I hear some one coming. One week."

"Give me a card with your address; you shall have the money, if I am alive."

"Ah! I thought you would be reasonable. Here is my card. You may rest perfectly secure. We had best go back now."

He was walking at her side, chatting gaily, and examining some rare exotics, when one or two other couples entered; and soon afterwards they returned into the crowded parlors.

Eugene was anxiously on the alert.

"My dear Miriam, you are pale. I hope your friend has brought you no distressing intelligence."

"He has recently seen some old acquaintances of mine; and his accounts of them were by no means pleasant. But let us change the subject, you know it is my habit instinctively to shrink from disagreeable thoughts or topics of conversation."

"With all my heart, though I shall have to surrender you again. I have still some friends who are importuning me to present them. We will find seats just here."

While a number of strange men were again wondering at her strange loveliness and bowing in unfeigned homage before her, the eyes of Mr. Philip Danvers had followed her searchingly.

"She is painfully disturbed in spite of the superhuman efforts at self-control which she is making," he muttered, under his breath. "My life on it that this brigand could furnish me, within the hour, with all the information that I desire. He is not above the inducements of a bribe either, or I have no knowledge of human nature. At any rate I can find out with half an hour's trouble."

Just then Captain Graham stood in front of him, an absorbed spectator, his eagle eye wandering over the moving throng about him. He evidently had not an acquaintance there.

"As you are a stranger here," said Mr. Danvers, coming up, "I will break my habit, and ask you to join me in a glass of wine."

Captain Graham's thanks were obsequious, and the two walked off together.

"You know my daughter-in-law?" said Mr. Danvers, bluntly, when the two were alone. "Is it an acquaintance of long standing?"

"Not a great while, sir; though we saw a good deal of each other until recently."

"You knew her first husband?"

"Intimately."

It was not a part of Mr. Danvers' *rôle* as host to put question after question in this style, but he saw that the fellow was on his guard.

"He was a colonel of the French Chasseurs?"

"Yes."

"Colonel Reynard Dupre?"

"Colonel Reynard Dupre."

Mr. Danvers looked with cold and haughty scrutiny into the face of the man at his side. The man looked back, with the calm, unsuspecting innocence of childhood.

"You do not deceive me?" said Mr. Danvers, openly. "You may have told me the truth; of that I cannot tell yet awhile, though I shall assuredly ascertain in the end. But you are here for a purpose. You have seen my son's wife, and she has bought you."

"You have a bad opinion of human nature," said the captain, showing an unusual number of his teeth.

"Alas! that I have lived so long. I

know it, sir," replied Mr. Danvers, sternly. "How much did she offer?"

"You are unreasonable, sir; you assume a case and expect me to deal with it as a fact."

"I reason from circumstantial evidence, often the strongest testimony in the world. Now see if I have not read you aright. I am not afraid to speak before you; your bump of caution is abundantly developed. The woman in the next room is the daughter of Douglas Roscoe, the convict in Australia; and the widow of that Louis Dupre who——"

"Pray let me remind you," said Captain Graham, glancing around, "that you are discussing your family matters to an entire stranger to you. I know——"

"You know what I have said," interrupted Mr. Danvers. "Now if you are bought off, it must be at no very considerable price, or I shall be likely to know it and interfere. It might be better worth your while to sell your information to me."

"You are very kind. Such as I have may not be of the nature you imagine, and might, therefore, appear valueless to you when purchased."

"Yet you have it for sale. Come," said Mr. Danvers, impatiently, "there is no need of equivocation between us. You know her whole history. I saw that by your manner and hers when you were together. What it is exactly, I cannot tell at present; but I shall know soon. Now hear me. If you possess any evidence that could enable me to free my son from these hateful bonds, I have the means to make you a richer man than you have ever dreamed of being."

"Your son's thraldom seems to be very pleasant to him, at least."

"Yes, I know; Samson in the hands of Delilah. Could he be shorn of his wealth, she would destroy him without mercy. I would know her by her resemblance to her mother. But you have not replied to me. I said that I would make you rich."

"What would you call rich, sir, for me?"

"You had better let me ask that question, Captain Graham. How would you like a sum of fifty thousand dollars to become an honest man on?"

"So well," replied Graham, eagerly, his eyes flashing fire, "that I could get up any amount of reliable evidence, whether one iota of the facts had ever existed or not."

"Do you think I would desire to purchase false evidence?" cried Mr. Danvers, angrily. "I would only save him from the truth."

"I promise you it shall be true."

"When can I see you, then?"

"When you will. To-morrow, at twelve."

"So be it. Where?"

"It were best not here. I——"

"Name your own rendezvous, then."

"If you would condescend to come to my poor room——" began Captain Graham, falteringly.

"Tut, man, it is necessary for me to make use of you, even if I have to soil my hands. So I shall come, only tell me where?"

Captain Graham drew out a card, as he had done for Miriam Danvers, and placed it in the hands of his host. Mr. Danvers looked at it as some famous or fastidious physician might inspect a putrid sore upon some wretched outcast, and, of necessity, placed it in his pocket.

"I shall bring with me a legal friend."

"I had expected as much, sir."

"You will be prepared by that hour?"

"As well as a month later."

"Then I shall be there without fail. It is needless to caution you to be silent."

"Mum is the word, sir, until I make my deposition."

"So be it. And now we part for the present. How long shall you remain here?"

"I leave in a few moments."

"Thank you. I will then return to my friends."

"What an insolent old sinner!" said Captain Graham, with a smile, as he followed him out; "and with what a royal hand does he promise his tens of thousands as other men would their half pence. Fifty thousand! Madam, you would not expect me to resist such a bait, I know. The game grows exciting."

As these two left the wine-room, Allaine slipped from the recess of a window, where she had ensconced herself on their approach.

"My poor mistress," she gasped. "It is all over, and we are lost, do what we will," and she crept up to her room, faint and sick, to await the return of Mrs. Danvers.

Captain Graham, glancing around the gaily lighted rooms before he withdrew, beheld that lady radiant in the midst of a circle of admirers, chatting with a vivacity that caused a subdued hum of applause at almost every breath.

"How clever she is," he murmured, "and how beautiful. But I am afraid your triumphs are over, my lady. You married into a house with too much money. I shall date to set her adrift again, decidedly. But it would be more than human to expect me to resist the offer that has been made. So adieu, Lady Miriam; I am afraid, in spite of your beauty, I shall sleep soundly to-night."

CHAPTER VIII.

A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

Some five months before the opening of our story, a woman had been seen toiling along a rugged road towards a seaport town in old England.

The woman's clothes were soiled and worn, her shoes in tatters and her general appearance wretched in the extreme. Her fierce, black eyes gleamed out from her tawny face, like the lamps of a stage-coach on a moonless and starless night. There was but little life in the dead, sallow complexion, bronzed to the color of a quadroon by reckless exposure to sun and storm, and her straight black hair hung in disordered, gipsy fashion, about her shoulders.

Something in the flash of her eyes—in the purple blackness of her hair, her olive skin and quick, nervous movements, in spite of the fatigue that she had evidently undergone, would have led one at once to the correct conclusion that she was of foreign birth, though she spoke the English language with voluble ease.

For goods and chattels the woman had a small bundle, tied in a large cotton handkerchief, upon her arm, and a small poodle dog at her heels.

The dog whined piteously from time to time and pulled at the woman's skirts, with that pleading expression in his eyes, the nameless longing for a word or a caress—a look "peculiar to dogs and to women," as some ill-natured male caricaturist has described it. Indeed, the little animal seemed more overcome, if possible, from the weariesome tramp than did his mistress, and finally crouched upon the roadside before her, as though protesting his inability to proceed one step further.

"What, Poco!" cried the woman, sharply, "giving out, already! You have no spirit, Poco, none, none. I am ashamed of you; but I'll not leave you behind, casting you off to die, because my wishes or my strength keep me ahead of you. No; let them sneer as they will, a woman can never grow indifferent to the objects she has once loved—as men do. They may

'Toss from fair to fair,
Pall like to the summer's air,'

or from fair to dark, as the chances may be, and to-morrow wonder how they ever could have been so foolish over 'that other,' if they are reminded of her at all. But women, fools, fools that they are, can never forget. They remember always; but, thank God, it is not always to love. Sometimes they learn to hate, and then, oh undying passion, indeed! they live for revenge. Think of it, Poco, for *revenge!*"

She gathered the dog up in her arms, patted it with her small, dark hand, and laughed a low, bitter laugh. Then she moved on in silence, never giving way to aching limbs or panting breath.

The clouds had been darkening for hours, and now the lowering nebulæ began to droop about her, almost like a mantle. Huge flashes of snow arabesqued the whilom unbroken steel hue of sky and earth, until a white pall, that looked to her eyes ominously like a winding sheet, lay over the bleak landscape.

"No, Poco," she muttered again, as the dog at last resumed his dismal howl, "we will not perish; something far stronger than the life within me tells me that we shall not. Sunstroke or numbing cold, it is all the same. I shall overtake him once more. Did he think, because he sent me half around the world, and left me in the heart of a strange, half savage country, ill, and without a dime to procure me food or transportation, that I would give over, like his lily-faced daughter, and lie down and die, to be effectually and forever out of the way? Ah! Douglas Roscoe, fancy, if you will, that Nina DaCosta is weak and unstable like your frail North American women, or cold and proud like these selfish English; but at a time when you are least dreaming of her she will rise up before you, a veritable ghost of the past, and show you that the race is not always to the swift. And Louis; it is astonishing that I cannot learn to despise him—the tool, the dupe of the unprincipled man and the two crafty, soulless women. My Louis, my Louis, did she repay you with such tenderness as I should have given? Ah! no; for she had no soul."

The dog had begun to struggle so violently in her arms that she put him down again in the snow, not sorry if she might induce him to follow her, for even his slight weight seemed an increasing burden as she grew more and more fatigued with the long journey.

"How now," she cried, as the little animal extended himself on the cold, freezing snow. "Poco, my poor Poco, has it come to this? you cannot follow me? The dog giving out first? They are generally found watching by the dead body of master or mistress—truer and braver than our treacherous human race. Poco, Poco, it is nothing to fast all day. Is that it? You shall not starve, my pet; for see, I have a crust of bread left from our last night's supper, that I kept for hard times. See, Poco, see." And she drew out a morsel of dry bread, and kneeling down, caressed the dog lovingly with one hand while she held the crust to his mouth with the other.

But the things of this world were rapidly fading from poor Poco's vision. He gathered himself up suddenly, looked appealingly into the face of his mistress, and with another piteous whine fell dead at her feet.

The woman caught him up in her arms with a wail of agony.

"Poco, Poco, you cannot mean to die and leave me? Oh, stay with me, my pet. You are all my protection on the long road. Your bark has been company for me in the night time, and music when I was sad."

She pressed the lifeless body to her bosom, as though it were a human creature, and kissed the damp, shaggy face.

"You will soon be warm now, Poco," she moaned, "while I—I am so cold. If I did not feel that we were to meet again, I should fancy this was death in my veins."

At last she began to stagger under the light burden, and she stopped and put down her bundle. The night was coming on rapidly.

"I had better leave my clothes than my dog," she murmured. "He seems a part of my life." Then, as she called him, and turned him caressingly in her arms, she suddenly dropped him with a cry of horror.

"He is dead!" she sobbed, "cold and dead. I shall never warm him into life again. Fool that I was! Why did I not wrap the clothes in my bundle about him. I cannot leave him on the roadside thus. Yet how will I bury him in all this snow?"

She broke off a branch from the limb of a great oak tree that chanced to be just overhead, and half mechanically began to scrape away the snow from the roots. When the frosty earth became visible, she shivered, hugged herself, and crouched with her back to the tree.

"I shall die here," she whispered, brokenly. "Ah! how idle are all our dreams. It has been all storms here. Will there be rest over the dark waters, I wonder?"

She sat rocking herself to and fro and moaning feebly. While she sat thus, growing every moment more oblivious of her surroundings, a hand upon her shoulder roused her suddenly, and turning, she cried out sharply:

"Go along with you! I have nothing of which you can rob me but an old dress in my bundle. There it is, if you want that; take it, but leave me alone. I have nothing left but my dead dog, Poco, and that can be of no use to you."

She was beginning to snarl like a tigress.

"Unfortunate creature," said a man's voice. "I want neither your bundle nor your dog. But the roadside is no place for you on such a night. Come, we are both pilgrims, it seems, and as I am the stronger, I will help you. The city is only a mile or so from here."

"And if it were only a yard or so, I could not go," she cried. "I am dying at last, and the great God will take vengeance in his own good time, I suppose. Leave me alone, I tell you; I am broken down, and must sleep."

"Your voice sounds strangely familiar to me," said the man, with a shudder that did not seem to come altogether from the cold, though that was intense. "Here, I have some spirits in a bottle. You must drink some; and since you cannot stay here, I must take you on with me."

The woman drank, spasmodically, from the bottle's mouth, when, as the warmth quickly diffused itself through her body, she started to her feet.

"You are my good angel," she cried. "You have saved me from death, and I did not want to die. Will you tell me your name?"

"Yes; because I cannot help thinking, strange as it would be, that we are smarting under wrongs inflicted by the same hand, and that we are pressing on towards the same ends, for retribution. In that other world, across the waters yonder, did you ever know a man who called himself Caspar Lennox?"

"Caspar Lennox!" shrieked the woman. "Ah! now I know that the spirits of another world are about me. The Caspar Lennox that I knew died years ago—five of them, I think, though to me it seems a century—died despairing and broken hearted that Leonora Danvers preferred the wealthy and aristocratic Arnold Leslie to himself, the poor and unhonored lover, who had first won the promise of her hand. And it was I—God help me—that aided in urging her to the course she took, fancying, fool that I was, that it was she who was enticing Louis Dupre from me."

"Then you are Nina DaCosta, the schoolmistress of the woman I loved," said the man, sternly, "and likewise the enemy of the woman I shall hunt down through the whole earth."

"I am Nina DaCosta," she replied, in a tone of exhiltation. "Nina DaCosta still, through hunger, and cold, and wretchedness that would have killed any other woman the world has ever seen. Are you—can you be Caspar Lennox in flesh and blood?"

She had risen, and stood in the darkness, with one hand upon his arm, peering under the coarse slouch hat, all covered with snow, if she might but catch one glimpse of the face that she had so much reason to remember. Either the darkness was too great, or the film over her eyes had dimmed her vision, for she raised her other hand and passed it over his dark, unshaved face.

"Ah, I know you now!" she exclaimed, shrinking back. "You are, indeed, of all the world the man I most dreaded to meet."

"You have no cause to fear me," answered Lennox, moodily. "There are others whom I have hated so intensely that the stronger passion has, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the rest. Your part in the tragedy of my life was nothing. One woman's influence over another is seldom great where men are concerned. You may think to bias your friend, but she follows the bent of her own inclination for all that. No, Leonora Danvers, whom I worshiped as an angel, had no more soul than have the beasts that perish; but it was God who made her what she was, not you."

"But you are saying this to entice me on to murder me!" cried the woman, growing nervous under the influence of the stimulants. "I know you have not forgiven me."

"Poor fool!" exclaimed Lennox, scornfully. "What were you in their way but a cumbersome piece of rubbish, cast off to the uttermost parts of the earth, when you began to clog their movements? You, Nina, as the pretty schoolmarm, older than your mistress, had your game to play, but it was apart from theirs."

"Apart from theirs," she replied, angrily. "I tell you, Caspar Lennox, the leading moves upon the board were mine. You resigned her, because you could not help it, to Arnold Leslie; but he was my lover first, and it was I who threw them together."

"You!" he cried, hoarsely, grasping her by the arm. "It was you who let the wolf into the fold! The foul traitor who destroyed her! Yet I have found room in my heart to pity you. Nina DaCosta, were it not for the vow I have registered, that my vengeance should stop for nothing until I had overtaken him, you should perish this night by my hand."

"Swear that you will do it, only swear that you will overtake him, with that arch traitoress, the daughter of the Roscoes, and I will pray for death at your hands, I care not how soon."

"No!" cried Caspar, as he strode on and dragged her after him. "Live, as I shall do, to see it accomplished, to feel that her destroyer and yours has, in his proudest moments of security, died a dog's death, and gone to meet the just reward of his crimes throughout all eternity. Does not that strengthen you?"

"Strengthen me!" she hissed. "Is it not for this that I have sustained life, when otherwise it must have perished within me, and have toiled hundreds of miles over these accursed countries, half of the time on foot, hungry and destitute, and well-nigh perishing with heat or cold! But tell me, why is it that I find you on this side of the ocean!"

"Because," answered the man, "I have been deceived. I was led to believe that he had fled into Egypt, and was hiding there. Louis Dupre had been killed in battle, and we had reason to think that his wicked wife had fled with the murderer, Arnold. I fancied I had traced them to South America, where a man answering to his description had been just before me, with a woman, whom he was obliged to leave there. I sought for her but she was not to be found, and then I turned back."

"The woman was I," answered Nina. "She has never been there; believe me, Miriam Roscoe is intriguing elsewhere for a husband who could give her wealth and position. How little do you know her still. Had Arnold Leslie been her husband, she would have cast him off, if possible, when his money was gone. I do not believe he has ever left America."

"Ha!" exclaimed Caspar, wildly. "And all this toil has been for nothing—all to find but you!"

"Where would you have looked?"

"Everywhere!" he cried, "I should have gone up and down the earth, like Ahasuerus, until I had overtaken him!"

"And Allaine Rocheford, you have heard nothing of her?"

"No."

"Nor I. I have written a dozen times to the address she gave, but all to no purpose. With all her other vices we must add that of ingratitude. She would appeal to me in case of *need*. Something has turned up that has put her beyond the aid of so humble an instrument as I," added the woman, bitterly.

"Perhaps they are together."

"Then there has been more black-hearted treachery and cruel, lying deceit," said Nina. "There must be a man in her nets again of whom we know nothing."

"And for whom I care nothing," said Caspar, savagely. "He is enough for me—the wretch who could have led Leonora on to the crimes with which she was charged. When I remember her—the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass, always following in your shadow, and afraid almost to speak to me—and must still think that she could come to stain her hands with *murder!* Oh, my God! every drop of blood in my veins is turned into gall, and I would gladly live out my three score years in pilgrimage like this, if I may but overtake him in the end. And I tell you I shall find him. The grave would not hold me else. Only last night I dreamed of having my foot upon his neck and the joy I felt when the wounds I had made let out his very heart's blood."

"And I would share the same fate to be revenged on her," said Nina, with a mocking laugh. "But look! What are those thousand lights upon the hill yonder!"

"It is the city," answered Caspar, "but not the city of my rest. A night's sleep, with a few days to mature my plans and then I take the first vessel sailing west. But you, what will you do?"

"I shall win my way to them since you have saved my life," she cried. "Oh! I could not think I was to die, though poor Poco is left with only a shroud of snow. But tell me quickly where I may get a cheap morsel to eat—for I have some money about me—and a glimpse of a cheerful fire, or my journey, too, must end; for I am chilled to the very marrow of my bones."

Her companion bade her take another swallow at his bottle, and the two walked on in silence into the suburbs of the city, where Caspar applied for some time for a night's lodging. At last, however, success crowned his efforts, and seeing Nina seated upon a bare floor before a crackling fire, while their humble hostess brought a barley loaf and a bowl of thin, cold soup, he walked away, promising to see her again on the morrow.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. DANVERS DISAPPOINTED BUT NOT SUBDUED.

The hour was not late when the last of the guests had departed, and Mrs. Danvers sought her chamber, but her face had a worn and anxious expression that Eugene, watchful Eugene, had never seen there before.

"My love, you are ill!" he cried, anxiously. "It was cruel to keep you up to-night, when you were already fatigued with travel. Is there nothing you will have—a glass of wine——"

"Nothing, Eugene," she answered, wearily. "Nothing, but that you will not talk to me. I have a severe headache, and must sleep." She passed into her own room, and summoned her attendants that they might prepare her for bed, without delay.

"Can I see you for a few moments, madam?" began Allaine, tremblingly, "I have something——"

"Not one word to-night!" cried her mistress, sharply. "Not one word, for a kingdom. Do you not see that I am nearly dead already? A feather's weight more, before I experience the blessed consolation of sleep, and I shall be a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. How dare you wear that look in my presence? Go and leave Clare to finish your work. If you have anything of importance to say, awake me when the sun shines to-morrow, but disturb me not to-night, unless the house be on fire."

Anxious as Allaine felt to communicate what she had heard, for she still had a trusting confidence in the ability of her mistress to counterplot and overcome all efforts against herself, she knew her too well to persist when once a command was given, and she reluctantly withdrew.

Half an hour afterwards Miriam Danvers lay sleeping upon her bed of down, as calmly as though no disturbing thoughts had ever harassed her waking hours. The beautiful face recovered all its freshness in repose, and the roses of sixteen were blooming upon her cheeks, when Eugene bent over her at a late hour the next morning.

"Miriam, my darling, I would not disturb you; you are quite well to-day?"

"Ah, yes. Should I dress for breakfast?"

"It is nearly ten o'clock."

For the first time she remembered Allaine's effort to speak to her on the previous night, and that her communication might be of a nature that it would interest her to hear.

"Leave me now, Eugene," she said. "We must not let mamma think I am going to be troublesome. I will be with you speedily as possible." She thought, too, at the same moment, of his stern, suspicious papa, and a feeling of solicitude came back to her heart. She arose promptly, and soon emerged from the hands of her attendant in a charming breakfast attire.

"I will see you when I return," she said, as she passed Allaine, and noticed that her eyes were fastened upon her, while her countenance was still disturbed with fear.

"As soon as you can, madam, for the love of the good God. I fear it is already too late."

But Eugene was now at the door, and with a violent throbbing of her heart, which she could not silence, Miriam descended with him to the breakfast-room.

The elder Mrs. Danvers met her with a cordiality that delighted Eugene, and went far towards restoring her own calmness. Besides, Mr. Philip Danvers, whom she had begun to look upon as a second Minos, or Rademanthus, was not there, and she was relieved from the restraint which his watchful eye imposed.

"He has left his excuses," his lady politely stated, "having been compelled to take his meal an hour earlier than usual on account of pressing business;" an excuse which Miriam very readily received, as she had no idea of the nature of that business.

The breakfast was delightful; but the young wife's appetite was not so good as usual, and she soon sat toying with her spoon, waiting for the first pretext to withdraw; but Eugene and his mother were provokingly deliberate, interrupting their repast with discussions of the previous evening.

"Pray do not let me disturb you," said Miriam, rising at length. "Eugene, if you have any regard for my wishes, keep your seat until Cecil comes. Allaine is growing careless. I must look after her."

Once out of sight, she sped rapidly up the steps, and beckoning Allaine into her room, closed the door and locked it, that she might be free from intrusion.

"Now, tell me quickly!" she said. "What is it?"

"Oh, my dear mistress, if you could have known last night, but I fear even then it was too late. You are lost!"

"Will you speak out, or have you lost your senses?" cried Miriam. "Tell me at once what you mean, or it will be ill for you."

"Madame, your husband's father suspects you of some great wickedness. I saw him in close consultation with your first husband's friend, Gordon, last night, and I concealed myself that I might overhear their conversation. He told Captain Gordon that he believed you were the daughter of some Roscoe, in Australia, and the widow of Louis Dupre. And they are to meet to-day, at twelve o'clock, when this monster of wickedness is to tell your story."

"You lie!" hissed Miriam between her clenched teeth. "It cannot be so. It was I who had the interview with Captain Gordon, and he promised me to be silent."

"But," said Allaine, still wringing her hands, "as sure as there is a heaven above us, Mr. Danvers saw him afterwards. I was behind the curtain when they took wine together. Mr. Danvers offered him fifty thousand dollars if he would tell him enough to enable him to separate you from his son, and he is to go with a lawyer to this villain's rooms at twelve o'clock."

"Then heaven preserve me!" cried Miriam, falling back in her chair, like one who had received a death-blow, "for I am lost!"

One heart-broken sigh escaped from her white lips, and then she leaned back so motionless and ghastly that Allaine sprang forward and seized her by the hand, under the impression that life had become extinct.

"My dear mistress—madam—for God's sake, arouse yourself!" she exclaimed. "Think if it be too late, Your husband still loves and trusts you to the last extent. Can nothing be done?"

Ah, poor Eugene! Cozen him as she would, her trust must be ever in him, for on his love she could yet rely.

"You do not usually give way, madam. Your husband is here, and has he not sworn to protect you?"

"Yes," said Miriam, suddenly springing to her feet, and clenching her small fists with an air of defiance. "He is my husband, and who will dare to interpose their shallow influence between us! Let them do their worst, Eugene will not believe them. I defy this old Blue Beard!"

She seemed a veritable Juno come from Olympus, as she now paced the floor, flushed with angry excitement.

"Madam," suggested the maid, "time flies; is there anything you would do?"

"Yes," she said, drawing up her graceful figure to its full height. "I must see my husband!" She opened the door and went into the next room, taking care to close it again behind her. Eugene was already there.

"Master Cecil was enjoying his breakfast hugely, with mamma and Roland. I waited to see him fully under way."

"How good you are to me!" She leaned over and touched his brow with her lips—and as she did so he felt some scalding tears upon his face.

Perhaps Miriam Danvers was touched at this moment with some genuine feeling of remorse. Let us hope that she was.

"My own darling," cried Eugene, drawing her around to his bosom, while his arms held her tightly clasped, with her face against his own, "you are not happy, and my whole study under heaven is to make you so. Why will you not confide in me? You cannot be afraid to trust your husband? Tell me what it is that troubles you, and if human agencies can remove it, it shall be done."

"Ah! Eugene," she sobbed, "I do not doubt your will, but even you have not the means."

"But will you not tell me, and let me, at least, bear your sorrow with you?"

"You will always love me, Eugene?"

"Always, my heart's own."

"You will never let them set you against me, no matter what dark stories they may devise?"

"Set me against you, Miriam! Why how wildly you talk. Can the ocean be turned into dry land? Well, its waters are less inexhaustible than my love."

"But, Eugene, suppose I should tell you that there are already wicked schemes on foot to separate us—to make you mistrust and despise me?"

"Mistrust—despise—separate from you!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "My love, what words are these from your lips? Are you not my wife? There is no power this side the grave that can divide us. But you are feverish; you must be in a delirium."

"No, Eugene, no," she answered, brokenly. "Never in my life was I more miserably, soberly in earnest. I am in great trouble."

"And you will not even tell me," he exclaimed, with tender reproach!

"Ah! how useless to burden you with my sorrows," she wailed. "And yet I must tell you, or my heart will burst; though it will seem like a page from some wild romance. Eugene, I have a near relative of whom I have never spoken to you. Infamy and the punishment of the law are imminently threatening him at this hour. The ties of nature compel me to love him, yet I can do nothing. Only the most fabulous amount of money can save him."

"Can any amount do it?"

"Yes."

"Then let me supply it at once," he said, rising. "Let me go to my father; your dear face shall not be made to blush—"

"Hold!" she cried, laying her hand upon his arm to detain him. "There is the hardest part of my wretched secret. Your father, as you saw, already dislikes me, and I would not have him entertain one suspicion of the real truth for the world."

"Then I can furnish it myself. Let me take it at once. What is the amount, Miriam?"

"Fifty thousand dollars!" she replied, with a vivid blush. "Oh, Eugene, even your generosity will never think of that."

"It is a large amount, indeed," he said, his bright face becoming clouded for a moment, "but I might manage to raise even that, if your happiness depended upon it."

"It does, oh, it does," she answered, eagerly.

"Then, my dear, it shall be given. When will it be required?"

"This very hour."

"It is like a romance, indeed. Why did you delay so long?"

"I thought it might be spared, because I believed it impossible to avert the blow. And even now, to be available, the money must be raised at once and without your father's knowledge. Can you do this?"

"I can and will," replied her husband, calmly. "Five years ago my father placed one hundred thousand dollars to my credit in bank here, and I have been living on the income since, with what he has furnished me through other sources. I can give my check, and the money may be drawn this very day. Only tell me where I am to take it."

"Oh, Eugene, Eugene, can you trust me still farther? I must take it myself, and even you must not know."

He raised his eyes for one moment, in mute bewilderment, to her agitated face, and then he drew her towards him and kissed her once more.

"I must trust you still, Miriam," he said, simply, "or all the money in the world would be valueless to me."

"My whole life shall thank you," she said, in a choking voice. "Will you order me a carriage at once? Allaine shall go with me."

At a quarter past eleven Eugene had placed her in a close hack, with no attendant but her maid.

"Drive for your life," she cried to the coachman, when they had gone but a few squares, and she had again consulted Captain Graham's card to be sure that she had made no mistake. "If I can only see him first, all may be well!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Such Sweet Sorrow!

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

She was young and beautiful!
She had plenty of money!
She was full of animal spirits, health, and high temper!
And she was alone in the world!

Given these facts, the inference would naturally be: She will make a wreck of her life. In her little world the wiseacres, who knew her and her thousand imperfections, were wont to shake their heads over Mellicent Berkeley, and predict that she would come to a bad end. But I, for one, believe in the good angels that a pitying heaven sends to watch over our destiny; they are not always at our beck, perhaps, but in any dire emergency be sure, if called on, they will rush forward, an indomitable phalanx, eager and ready to thwart the workers of evil. And believing this, I was especially sure that Mellicent's good angels, through evil and through good report, would stand by their charge and make a hard fight of it, if, at any time, the temptations of her gay life threatened to become too strong for her. So to my story.

It is late of a sunny summer afternoon, and she is walking all alone, up and down the garden path of the house by the sea where she is sojourning. When she passes out of the shadow of the great stone building, the low red sunlight falls wonderfully on her curling, bronze-brown hair, and on the wistful beauty of her dark, fine face. She is evidently waiting for some one who does not come, but whether she is most grieved or most angry at the delay would be hard to guess. Her face is proudly calm, only there is just the least suspicion of grieved quiver about the mobile lips that shut softly, like fair rose leaves. Suddenly, as she looks at her watch, a gate opens close by; another foot falls on the gravel walk, and Mellicent's sweet lips curl themselves into softly ready smiles. She lifts her dark eyes in sweet reproof as a gentleman comes quickly up, and turning, falls into step with her as she paces up and down the walk.

"You scoundrel," she says, softly, while a great and boundless tenderness makes her face for the moment radiantly lovely.

"I know it," he answers, readily. "But you will forgive me this time, won't you. Such hours as these seldom come to me." Malcolm Kindlish takes off his cap and turns his dark hair back from his forehead. "Look at that sunset, Mellicent."

"Were you painting, Malcolm?" asks Mellicent, who, as she has been looking at the sunset for the last half hour, is naturally not very much interested in it.

"Painting! Yes, I was painting." The bright, enthusiastic look fades out of the young artist's fair, flushed face, as his eyes drop to the pretty girlish figure beside him. "I persuaded Miss Romanesque to give me another sitting for my Fisher Girl—you know it is not often I can get her—and, to tell you the truth, I quite forgot about our engagement here."

"Oh, indeed! You forgot, did you?" The little dark head by the young artist's shoulder is suddenly set high in the air—there is a dash of sarcastic displeasure in the sweet latin voice.

"Such hair as Miss Romanesque has got," goes on the young artist, all his mind now engrossed in his beloved paint-pots and his worshiped art. "Long, bright, rippling threads of splendid gold. Such hair as we see but once or twice in a century. A woman ought to be immortalized for such a gift as that, if for nothing else."

The little head, with its great profusion of soft, dark lovelocks curling about throat and cheek and forehead, droops lower—lower now; hot tears of mortification and anger crowd into the sweet, dark eyes. She loves this man so passionately—so passionately! She has given him all the eager adoration of her fierce, young, ardent nature; and how does he hold it? Less than his paint-pots—less than his last picture—less than Miss Romanesque's magnificent gold hair.

"Shall we walk on the beach, Malcolm?" she asks, presently, as soon as she can make sure of a voice to speak with, out a tremor.

"On the beach!" Malcolm looks hurriedly at his watch. "Certainly—I should be glad to—only I have not had my tea, and Miss Romanesque thought, perhaps, she might give me another half hour before dusk. You know, dear, I am anxious to finish my picture before we go away from here."

"Very well!" Mellicent is looking away from him, straight out at sea. A vessel is going out from the port above; swiftly it passes into the rosy south, and as it goes it bears away a whole heaven of love, and hope, and joy. Perhaps it bears Mellicent's joy away, too. Certainly, something goes out of her young life that moment, as she stands there, and never comes back again.

"Don't let me keep you from your

painting," she continues, coldly. "I shall do very well alone."

"Shall I find you here when I come back?" Malcolm asks, accepting with ready acquiescence his release.

"I think not," she answers, steadily. "I will not trouble you to return for me."

She reaches out her hand to him, and something sparkles in it; something gives back flash and sparkle and dancing gleams of the red, radiant sunlight. Malcolm bends towards it as she proffers it to him, and sees that it is her engagement ring—the ring which he himself put upon her finger with a thousand happy kisses only one sweet summer month ago.

"Will you take it?" she said, looking into his bewildered face.

"What—what do you mean?" he stammers, a terrible, cold pang of fear stabbing him through and through.

"I have no further use for it," answers Mellicent, still calmly, though her face is deadly white. "You may take it back now, if you please, and we will say farewell."

Mechanically he takes it; he holds it aloof from him; looks at it; looks at her. His lips move twice and thrice before he can frame the words he tries to speak.

"I don't understand you," he says, at last. "Why have you done this, Mellicent? Mellicent, dear, what has come between us that you give this back to me? What have I done?"

The pent-up passion in her heart takes flame at this. She stamps her foot, and an angry fire burns up the ready tears in her wide, dark eyes.

"What have you done? Oh! you ask me that? You heap neglect, and slight, and injury upon me, and then ask me what you have done. What have you given me in return for my idolatrous love for you? You put your paintings before me; you put your work, your ambition, the world, Miss Romanesque's golden hair—everything, before me. I am least and last of all things in your mind."

She stops, suffocated with emotion. He, too, is very pale, but he has mastered the situation, and his voice is even, though very low, as he answers her:

"Mellicent, I don't think you are quite just to me. I am proud of my art, as who would not be, but it has never had the place in my life which you have held since I met you. I suppose it is a mournful truth that man never gives back, measure for measure, a woman's love. Heaven knows how fond I was of you——"

Mellicent's scornful lips stops him. "Fond of her!" Poor Mellicent has not lived long enough to learn that the phrase "I love you," which trips so glibly from a woman's lips, is seldom heard from a man. He will show his passion for a woman in a hundred ways, as he can; he will give her caresses, presents, position in the world; whatever gifts he has to give he will be prodigal of to her, but, let woman note it, the simple avowal "I love you," seems alien to his lips. He seldom says it, except in novels!

"You were fond of me," she repeats, scornfully. "Fond of me, that was all, while I loved you. I loved you, loved you!" She wrings her hands together, and then stops suddenly.

"It does not matter now, it is all over. Good-bye!" She turns sharply away, but Malcolm puts out a hand and detains her.

"Wait!" he cries, and the ring in his voice constrains her to obey. "Mellicent, for God's sake do not wreck both of our lives for a vain caprice. Are you in earnest, or is it only a coquettish trick to torment me, and then to try your power and lure me back again. I suppose the smooth course of daily love goes to be dull, after awhile," he goes on, unhappily, not knowing when to stop, "and a lover's quarrel would contribute a little excitement. If it is so don't go any farther, Mellicent; don't try my patience any longer."

"Stop!" she cries, turning to him in the white heat of passion. "Do not say any more. Be sure I am in earnest, and I shall never test my power in the effort to have you back again. You are free! Leave me, leave me!"

Malcolm drops her hand with a sigh of bitter disappointment.

"So be it!" His voice is, for a moment, as cool and constrained as hers. "You have worn me like a glove, and now you cast me off without compunction. They warned me it would be so; those who have suffered before me, warned me against your lovely face, your sweet, alluring eyes, against the witchery of your fond, womanly ways. But I would not believe them. I am glad I did not; even now I am glad! For one month I have been happy; one short, sweet summer month! Perhaps that is as much as a reasonable man should ask for in a lifetime."

All the passionate fire which burns under his cold exterior has come to the surface. She has doubted his love—she cannot doubt it now, now that the assurance of it comes too late. He catches her to his heart, kisses, with mad, fond kisses, her white face, her happy mouth, her soft, curled, drooping hair. And so kissing her, he cries out his farewell, and flings her from him, and leaves her.

I have often wondered if two lovers, after they have quarreled and "made up," love each other as tenderly and entirely as before. I do not know how it is. I have been told that they do, but I doubt it. It seems to me that where there has been a wound there must be a scar; when a great fire lays a garden waste, it is many years before it gets back its primeval beauty and greenness.

After Mellicent's lover leaves her, she goes about the house for many days pale and quiet, and with a mysterious shadow in her lovely eyes. Malcolm Standish has gone, no one knows whither; but, by and by, in the morning papers they read his name in the Persia's list of passengers for Europe. After that, Mellicent keeps her room for a week. When she comes out again, her friends cry out that she is greatly changed. The young people say that she has lost life and spirit; they complain about her, but the old people say she is smarter, more loveable.

So the summer slips away, and everybody has gone back to the city, except Mellicent. She says that she loves the country in autumn, and she stays on and on; she goes over the happy paths where she and Malcolm walked together. Ah! how she misses him! She calls his name! Oh, pitying God! the agony of crying out for a love that is lost and will never come back again.

Sometimes she kneels by the sea, and putting her sweet face to the rocks by the waves, whispers of Malcolm. "Oh, sea! whither have you borne him? Tell him that I love him! love him! love him! Tell him that I am always thinking of him—always, night and day!"

And the sea flows on coldly away from her. It is so vast, so cold; it has the commerce of two worlds to bear from shore to shore, and what to it is the sorrow of our weak, love-weighted girl's heart?

At last she gets so weak, she so far forgets womanly pride, that she begins to cast about in her mind if there be any way by which she can reach him, and make known to him her sorrow and repentance.

"If I only knew where a letter could find him I would write to him!" she cries. "I would confess all my folly; I would ask him to forgive me, and—and to take me back again."

She is standing at the foot of the old garden path, leaning on the old stone wall, looking seaward, as she says this; and though she is all alone, though no one hears her piteous confession, she blushes redder than any autumn leaf for very shame, and buries her face in her hands. When she looks up again she sees some one walking slowly along the rocky road without, coming toward her. She looks, turns her face away, then looks again, and cries out, softly. It is a familiar figure, walking with bent head; the sharp, autumnal wind blows the long, fair hair about the fine, artist face; but, sharp though it be, it blows no color into the pale cheeks. It is—who can it be, but Malcolm—sadly changed—but Malcolm!

Mellicent clasps her hands tightly together, struggling to keep back the joyous words of welcome which well up from her heart. She waits patiently while he comes up, and putting out his hand, tries the gate. He does not raise his eyes—evidently he does not see her; or, is it that he sees her, and, remembering her harsh words, will not forgive her; will not speak to her again!

He swings open the gate and enters; without looking at her he passes her on the walk, beneath the gaudy red and yellow frost-kissed maple leaves. The poor girl's mortification is great; she starts forward and reaches her hands out piteously.

"Malcolm! Oh, Malcolm!" she cries. "Will you not speak to me? Malcolm, forgive me, forgive me!"

At the sound of her voice, he stops and turns his face towards her. He is greatly changed, and to the day of her death, Mellicent can never forget the look of sad and stern rebuke in the faded eyes.

"Why do you stop me?" he asks, sternly. "Have we not long ago said farewell to each other? What do you wish?" His voice as he speaks is cold; his breath seems to strike Mellicent like a wind blowing from regions of eternal ice and snow. If her very life depended on it she could not say a word, she is so frozen with a nameless, awful horror.

"Since that day I have been trying to find peace," Malcolm goes on, "but you would not let me. There is no woman so beautiful as you are in all the world, and you know it. You pursued me with your lovely lips, you mocked me with your tender, love-lighted eyes, and you maddened me with your fond, alluring woman's ways. But you shall not mock me again—never again, now!"

He turns sharply away from her, and, passing up the walk, disappears in the great stone porch of the house, in the chill shadow of the rustling, dead and leafless creepers. Then, when she can see him no longer, Mellicent drops on the earth, and leaning her forehead on the wall, weeps long and stormily.

"He will not forgive me! he will not forgive me!" she cries, in a shrill, hysterical voice, reckless of who may hear her. "He is like all men, stern and hard and cold. He will never forgive me, now. Never!"

In her grief she does not heed the passing of time as she kneels there. It is very still—still—still! The dry leaves rustle overhead with a soft, perpetual, sad melody. Sometimes they fall and skim along the path with a sound like the rustle of a woman's dress. Tap-tap, the woodpecker drums overhead! Has Mellicent sobbed her young life out there in the autumnal quietude that she is so silent?

"Mellicent! Miss Berkeley! Good God, how careless. You will get your death here!"

A hand is laid on her arm. Some one shakes her violently and then drags her up from her seat under the trees. She gets uncertainly on her feet, rubs her eyes and looks about her. Surely the weather has changed suddenly. The wind is up, the branches are tossing and great drops of rain stand on her face. Rain drips from her hair, too, from her shawl, from her dress, as she stands there a forlorn, drenched figure in the dusky light.

"You are very imprudent!" speaks again the voice that aroused her. "Why, in Heaven's name, why are you sitting here alone, in the storm?"

It is Malcolm who speaks to her; but no longer Malcolm pale, faded, cold. There is color in his face, light in his eyes; his head is carried back proudly, as it used to be, and his grasp of her hand is warm and protecting; his look, too, though a little reserved, is warm and human.

"I must have been asleep," says Mellicent, a little sadly. "I must have fallen asleep after you left me a few moments ago."

"After I left you?" Malcolm echoes, with boundless surprise in his voice.

"I cried so," she murmurs, the quick tears beginning to mingle again with the rain on her cheeks. "Oh, Malcolm! you broke my heart with your harsh words. Won't you take them back now?"

"Mellicent, what do you mean?" Malcolm comes nearer, and raising the small wet face, gazes into it incredulously. "This is the first time I have seen you, or spoken to you, since that day last summer when you quarreled with me, and sent me away from you!"

"A few minutes ago—to-day, did you not speak to me? did you not walk through the gate, into the house? Surely, surely you did!" her voice saddens with conviction. "You spoke to me, you reproached me with cold and cutting words. Did not you? Did not you?" Her voice rises with eager inquiry.

"As Heaven hears me, this is the first time I have spoken to you since we parted that summer afternoon," he answers. "And," he goes on bitterly, "our parting then was not 'such sweet sorrow,' that, like Juliet, I wished it to be indefinitely prolonged."

But Mellicent, happy Mellicent does not heed the bitterness of his voice or speech; she flings her arms about him with a glad cry, and clings to him.

"Thank Heaven! It was not real. It was all a dream—nothing but a silly dream—your stern, sad looks, your dreadful words. I—I was thinking of you as I sat there, and I suppose I fell asleep. Ah, Malcolm! I have repented bitterly of my folly. I have wanted you so much! And you—you will forgive me, won't you? You will—take me back!"

For all answer, Malcolm stoops and kisses the sweet, warm face; but his manner has not the gladness of hers.

"I, too, have missed you," he says, "and I came back to find you and ask you to 'make up.' But I am afraid Mellicent, that you will always be a little disappointed in me. I am afraid——"

He stops, unable to explain the difference to her; but she only takes his hand and kisses it with tender rapture.

"Don't undeceive me!" she says, almost imploringly, as he draws it quickly away, half irritated with her, for her persistent worship. "Let me love you in my own way. Let me think of you in a woman's fashion. It will make me happy, and it won't hurt you any," she finishes, a little sadly.

So they make up their quarrel. The wiseacres, as I said before, shake their heads over the young couple, and predict that Mellicent will not be happy; but I think she will, for she is one of that sort of women who persistently shut their eyes and will not see; and she has had one lesson, to last her all her life, of the sweet sorrow of a lover's quarrel.

YES, OR NO?

BY MARIE.

"You won't marry me, Ida?"

"No, I think not—I'm quite sure not," added Ida Morny, after a second or two of hesitation.

Guy Hardwick looked earnestly at her.

"But why not?"

"I don't love you," returned the sixteen-year old damsel, with extreme frankness.

"Ida, you are cruel."

"No, I am not; at least, I don't mean to be cruel. Oh, Guy, what made you fall in love with me? We were having such a nice time out here, playing croquet, and getting up tableaux and charades, and going on pic-nics, and now it's all spoiled."

"Ida," said Guy, passionately, setting his teeth together, "you are a mere child. You haven't an idea what love means, apart from chocolate creams and new ball dresses," he added bitterly. "What made me fall in love with you? Because I couldn't help it; and now you refuse to give me back so much as a heart-throb in return."

"And, I can't help that," naively retorted Ida. "Don't look so cross, Guy; you frighten me."

"Because I am in earnest, Ida. Try to think of this as a woman should. Try for once to lift yourself out of the trivial world that surrounds you, and tell me, from the very depths of your heart, if you do not think you can love me."

Little Ida Morny began to cry.

"I don't want to love you," she sobbed. "I don't know why I should get married. I'm very happy as I am. Mamma says it is time enough for a girl to talk of matrimony when she is twenty-five years old, and I am only sixteen."

"There," interrupted Guy, bitterly; "that will do. I looked for an ocean of deep, solemn sweetness in your heart; I find but a shallow pool, reflecting back the shadows of transient events, and that is all.

"Good-bye, Ida. Forget that I have made a fool of myself—if you can."

And he strode away, biting his lips, and tearing at his long, black moustache as he went.

Ida looked after him with quivering dimples and scared, velvet-blue eyes.

"I don't know what he means," said the little, half-blossomed bud of womanhood to herself. "I'm sorry I have offended him, but I couldn't help it."

And she went back to the hotel for her hour of guitar-practising, feeling a little bewildered and little regretful, just as she did when her pet greyhound ran away from her.

Just at the entrance of the laurel walk—a wild sylvan spot that overlooked the blue gleam of a lake—Hortensia Carey met Mr. Hardwick.

A tall, Juno-like woman of thirty, with soft, swimming, Oriental eyes, and a face that was a dream of beauty in itself.

Hortensia Carey had come to Silverview Lake to get a rich husband.

Hortensia liked the ardent young Guy, and she did not like "that insignificant little pitc of an Ida Morny," and Hortensia, snugly shielded behind the trees and bushes, had heard every word of the declaration of love and its refusal.

"Strike while the iron is hot," said Hortensia, to herself. "There's many a heart caught in the rebound, and why not Guy Hardwick's?"

So she glided forward with upturned eyes shining softly beneath their long lashes.

"Mr. Hardwick, you are sad, and you look troubled," she murmured, sympathetically.

"Troubled!" he echoed, moodily. "There's not much in the world but trouble!"

"And you say that!" cried Hortensia, "you! Now I, who am only a woman, might utter it with reason."

Guy looked into her Cleopatra face.

Strange that he never before knew how beautiful she was.

"Will you take my arm down this steep hill," said he, "and tell me what you mean by those last words?"

Hortensia knew how to avail herself of the golden tide of opportunity.

Guy Hardwick was just in the mood when a man wants relief from himself.

The upshot of it was that he invited her to go out rowing on the lake after sunset.

"Don't ask me, if there is anyone else you prefer," sighed Hortensia. "I am accustomed to put myself in a secondary position."

"There's no one I would prefer to you," said Guy, slowly—"no one, at least, now."

* * * * * * *

"Not engaged!" cried Ida Morny, dropping her croquet mallet. "Guy Hardwick engaged! I don't believe a word of it."

"I saw the ring myself on Hortensia Carey's finger," said Mrs. Oppenwell. "She told me. She's proud of it, and well she may be, for Mr. Hardwick is, by all odds, the finest young fellow at the Lake this season."

Ida gave her ball a thump with the mallet, not in the least knowing what she was about.

She went home and looked into her mirror.

"Yes," said she, to herself, "I thought so! I'm only a little insignificant creature, with pale cheeks, senseless blue eyes, and hair like flax. Miss Hortensia Carey has eyes like black stars, and the height of a queen. She's worth loving—but I didn't think Guy would have forgotten me so soon."

And then Ida began to cry—she did not quite know why.

Of course the contemplated nuptials of the wealthy Guy and the beauty of the season, made plenty of gossip and sensation.

It found its way into the newspapers, no one knew how—except, perhaps, Miss Hortensia herself.

Guy was indignant enough—but Hortensia only laughed.

"Never mind, dear Guy," said she. "People will talk—and, after all, they don't mean any harm."

But one beautiful September morning, Miss Carey's seat at the breakfast-table was vacant; and scarcely had that fact been observed, when some one cried out—

"Why, Captain Vincent is gone, too."

Undeniably, it was awkward for the bridegroom elect.

Still more so, when a note, sent from the nearest post-office, gave him to understand that the lovely Hortensia had given back her heart to the captain, an old suitor of hers, who had recently fallen heir to a large fortune.

The note was prettily worded; it conveyed sentimental regrets to Mr. Hardwick that the future they had contemplated so sanguinely could never be realized, and prayers for pardon in the name of love!

Guy set his teeth together, but he made no comment.

He took his fate as it was dealt out to him.

Nay, perhaps in his most inmost heart he felt some thrills of relief that he was forever separated from Hortensia Carey, for he had some time since made the discovery that he did not love her as a man should love the woman whom he means to marry.

He sat thinking of these things, his head resting on his hand.

As it chanced, he was sitting on the very spot, where, two months since, he had met Hortensia—when the laurel bushes rustled softly at his side, and Ida Morny's melting blue eyes shone into his.

"Oh, Guy, I am so sorry—so sorry!"

And she burst out crying.

"Sorry, Ida! Nay, keep your kindly sympathy for those that need it more," he answered, somewhat bitterly. "Am I not better off by far than if she had married me? She did not love, you see—nobody loves me."

"Guy, that is not true."

She came nearer to him, with burning cheeks and glittering eyes.

"I love you, Guy."

He looked up suddenly.

"Love, little one—love! You do not know the meaning of the word."

She drew back, trembling and sobbing.

"You give me my heart back then, Guy?—you do not care for me?" she uttered.

"God knows, darling, that you are the only person in the world for whom I really ever cared."

"Then won't you let me comfort you now?—won't you let me take her place?"

And looking into Ida's eyes, Guy read the truth.

"When I wooed you before, darling, you said 'No,'" he whispered.

"But I have grown into a woman since then, dearest."

So they were married.

And I suppose I might add, that they "lived happy ever afterwards," for love is the key to all happiness, and love folded his silver wings above their nuptial altar.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

The castle is situated on the summit of a hill, one hundred feet above the Thames, and forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape for many miles around. It is an immense structure, covering seventeen acres of ground, and it is said to be the largest castle ever built in Europe. It contains seventeen magnificent state apartments, seventy-nine bedrooms, sixty-five sitting-rooms, and forty-eight, miscellaneous rooms, including kitchen, pantry, confectionery, and store-rooms; in addition to these there are apartments for the accommodation of two hundred and forty servants. Having been commenced by William the Conqueror, in 1000, with additions built by every succeeding monarch down to the time of George IV., there is a strange intermixture in many parts of the castle of the earliest and latest styles of Gothic architecture, and excepting for the beauty of its situation—which can scarcely be surpassed—Windsor possesses too much the appearance of an ancient fortress to make it very attractive as a place of residence. Yet there is a sort of mysterious grandeur about the cold, stately pile, which seems to impress all those who approach it. When the Queen is not residing here visitors are admitted to the court-yards, state apartments, St. George's Chapel and cloisters, the terraces and Round Tower, or keep. Those who are fortunate enough to have "friends at court" can see much of the castle otherwise inaccessible to the common herd.

COMMON-SENSE.—Common-sense is an element in which many persons are sadly wanting. Some are so unfortunate as to be born without it. Others grow to maturity with such a total disregard of it that they are virtually in the same condition. Common-sense implies sound perception, correct reason, mental capacity and good understanding. It is not to be acquired entirely by education, for we have seen a horse that we actually believe had more of it than some educated blockheads that we have had the misfortune to meet. It has to be born in a man. It may be polished and made more acute by experience. It takes a man more than a life-time to acquire it, if he depends entirely upon book-learning. There is a great deal of sound philosophy in a little common-sense sometimes, and the exercise of it upon certain occasions would save many men from much subsequent humiliation and mortification.

POVERTY is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—is a great and fatal weakness.

IT is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

THE "CALIFORNY LIGHTNIN' EXPRESS."

"It's all very well for you Britishers to come out yer to Californy and go ravin' about the country, tryin' to strike the trail o' the mines you've salted down your loose carpital in," said Colonel Jackhigh, setting his empty glass on the counter, and wiping his lips with his coat sleeve; "but when it comes to horse racin', w'y I've got a cayuse ken lay over all the thurror-breds yer little mantel ornyment of an Island ever panned out—you bet yer britches I have! Talk about yer Derby winners—w'y this pisen little beast o' mine'll take the bit in her teeth and show them the way to the horizon, like she was 'takin' her mornin' stroll and they was tryin' to keep an eye on her to see she didn't do herself any injury—that's w'at she would! And she hain't run a race with anything spryer'n an Injun in all her life; she's a green amatoor—she is."

"Oh, very well," said the Englishman with a quiet smile; "it is easy enough to settle the matter. My animal is in tolerably good condition, and if yours is in town we can have the race to-morrow for any stake you like, up to one hundred ounces."

"That's jest the figger," said the Colonel; "dot it down, barkeep. But it's like slarterin' the innocents," he added, half remorsefully, as he turned to leave; "it's bettin' on a dead sure thing—that's w'at it is." If my cayuse knew what I was about, she'd go and break a leg to make the race an even one."

So it was arranged that the race was to come off at three o'clock the next day, on the alkali flat, some distance from town. As soon as the news got abroad the whole population of Left Bower and vicinity knocked off work and assembled in the various bars to discuss it. The Englishman and his horse were general favorites, and, aside from the unpopularity of the Colonel, nobody had ever seen his "cayuse." Still the element of patriotism came in, making the betting very nearly even. A race course was marked off on the plain, and at the appointed hour every one was on the spot except the Colonel. It was arranged that each man should ride his own horse, and the Englishman, who had acquired something of the free-and-easy bearing that distinguishes the "mining sharp," was already atop of his magnificent animal, with one leg thrown carelessly across the pommel of his Mexican saddle, as he puffed his cigar with calm confidence in the result of the race. He was conscious, too, that he possessed the secret sympathy of all, even of those who had felt it their duty to bet against him. The judge, with watch in hand, was growing impatient, when the Colonel put in an appearance a mile away and bore down upon the crowd. Every one was eager to inspect his mount; and such a mount as it proved to be was never before seen, even in Left Bower. You have seen "perfect skeletons" of horses often enough, no doubt, but this animal was not even a perfect skeleton; there were bones missing here and there which you would not have believed the beast could have spared. "Little," the Colonel had called her. She was not an inch less than eighteen hands high, and long out of all reasonable proportion. She was so hollow in the back that she seemed to have been bent in a machine. She had neither tail nor mane, and her neck, as long as a man, stuck straight up into the air, supporting a head without ears. Her eyes had an expression in them of downright insanity, and the muscles of her face were afflicted with periodical convulsions that drew back the corners of the mouth and wrinkled the upper lip so as to produce a dismal grin every two or three seconds. In color she was "claybank," with great blotches of white, as if she had been pelted with small bags of flour. The crookedness of her legs was beyond all comparison, and as for her gait, it was like that of a blind camel crossing diagonally over innumerable deep ditches. Altogether she looked like the result of nature's first experiment in equitation, carelessly left alive after the production of the more satisfactory beast.

As this outrageous libel on all horses shambled up to the starting post there was a general shout; the sympathies of the crowd changed in the twinkling of an eye. Every one wanted to bet on her, and the Englishman himself was only restrained from doing so by a sense of honor. It was growing late, however, and the judge insisted on starting them. They got off well together, and seeing the mare was unconscionably slow, the Englishman soon pulled his animal in and foolishly permitted the ugly thing to pass, so as to enjoy a back view of her. That sealed his fate. The course had been marked off in a circle of two miles in circumference and some twenty feet wide, the limits plainly defined by little furrows.

Before the animals had gone a half mile both had been permitted to settle down into a comfortable walk, in which they continued three-fourths of the way round the ring. Then the Englishman thought it time to whip up and canter in. But he didn't do it; as he came up alongside the "Californy Lightnin' Express," as the crowd had begun to call her, that creature turned her head diagonally backward and let fall a smile. The encroaching beast stopped as if it had been shot. His rider plied the whip, and forced him again forward upon the track of the equine hag, but with the same result. The Englishman was now thoroughly alarmed; he struggled manfully with the rein and whip and shout, amidst the tremendous cheering and inextinguishable laughter of the crowd, to force his animal past, now on this side, now on that, but it would not do; prompted by the fiend in the concavity of her back, the preposterous quadruped dropped her grins right and left with such seasonable accuracy that again and again the competing beast was struck "all of a heap" just at the moment of seeming success; and finally, when by a tremendous spurt his rider endeavored to thrust him by, within a half dozen lengths of the winning post, the incarnate nightmare turned squarely about, and fixed upon him a portentous stare, delivering at the same time a grimace of such prodigious ghastliness that the poor thoroughbred, with an almost human scream of terror, wheeled about, and tore away to the rear with the speed of the wind, leaving the Colonel an easy winner in fifteen minutes and ten seconds.

IF the league of friendship is once broken, the cabinet of secrets is unlocked, and they fly wildly about like uncaged birds.

RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

THE fumes of a brimstone match will remove berry stains from a book or paper or engraving.

IF there is rust on your flat iron, or other roughness, put some fine salt on a board, rub it rapidly while warm until it moves smoothly.

IF a door does not shut without a "slam," put a drop of sweet oil on the catch, or on the hinge, if it creaks. Soap will do, but not so well.

IF you wish to make a nail drive easily and last long without rusting, dip it in melted grease first. This is excellent for fencing and other exposed work.

DYEING ORNAMENTAL FEATHERS BLACK.—Place them for twenty-four hours in a soda bath that is not too strong, then rinse well and place for twelve hours in an 8 per cent. solution of nitrate of iron; rinse well again and dye with logwood and fustic. If the black appears reddish, draw the feathers through dilute sulphuric acid and boil a short time in a weak bath of fustic.

CURE FOR CROUP.—When the symptoms appear, immediately fold a towel, dip it in cold water, and apply it to the child's breast and throat; then wrap a blanket closely around him. Or, bathe the feet well in warm water, at the same time rubbing the throat and breast with mutton tallow or goose grease; then envelope in a warm blanket. Either of these modes will check the disease till the arrival of a physician, and in many cases will of themselves effect a cure.

PAINTING FLOWER STANDS.—It is quite customary to paint stands on which flower pots are to stand a bright green color; but we would never advise that color for the purpose, as the brilliancy of the paint has an injurious effect upon the colors of the flowers and leaves. When a flower stand is to be painted, choose a dull color, if you wish the flowers to be the prominent feature. A rich brown, chocolate, oak, black walnut, or amber color would harmonize well, and the green of the plants and leaves will appear richer and more pleasing to the eye.

CHEAP VINEGAR.—Take a quantity of common Irish potatoes, wash them until they are thoroughly clean, place them in a large vessel, and boil them until done. Drain off carefully the water that they were cooked in, straining it if necessary in order to remove every particle of the potato. Then put the potato water in a jug or keg, which set near the stove, or in some place where it will be kept warm, and add one pound of sugar to about two and one half gallons of the water, some hop yeast, or a small portion of whisky. Let it stand three or four weeks, and you will have excellent vinegar, at a cost of six or seven cents per gallon.

FARMERS' BOOTS AND SHOES.—A farmer who has been accustomed to wear thick boots for more than forty years past, writes to us: "Before wearing the boots, give the bottoms a good coating of tallow or coal tar, and dry it in; then oil the uppers with castor oil, about one tablespoonful to each boot; then oil them twice a week with castor oil, when one teaspoonful will be sufficient. If the weather should be rainy, or you are compelled to work in water during the day, wash your boots clean at night, hold them by the fire until quite warm, and oil them when wet, and you will have no trouble about your boots getting hard and shrinking up so that you cannot get them on. If the leather should become red, give a coat of ordinary shoe-blacking, before oiling. The effect of castor oil is to soften the leather, while it fills the pores and prevents the water from entering. I have stood in mud and water two or three inches deep for ten hours a day for a week without feeling any dampness or having any difficulty in getting my boots on or off."

REGULARITY.

Very few persons understand how greatly health and happiness in this world depend upon the regularity of their daily habits—the constant recurrence of those events which we are apt to refer to as tiresome and monotonous. During the early and later periods of life this "even tenor" is essential to our well-being; and though we may feel like kicking the traces when at the zenith of power and activity, and sometimes fly off at tangents, or get rid of our superfluous energies in odd and eccentric ways, yet we usually come back, or at least try to come back, to our moorings, and gladly accept the treadmill path of daily duty, which, if it brings no ecstatic pleasure, leaves no remorse.

Every one can understand how disagreeable it would be not to be able to make sure of one's dinner; to be deprived of bed and sleep; to lose the enjoyment of abundance of good water, a daily bath and a daily paper; but upon the recurrence of how many more and much smaller matters do we depend for our daily comfort? We like certain kinds of bread at every meal; we want meat always cooked in certain favorite ways, and we expect to find it so as naturally as we expect the sun to shine. We get used to seeing certain things in certain places, and we would not miss them upon any account. A tree, a bush, a picture, or a chair which occupies the same place for years, acquires a value to our consciousness which only the habit of seeing it can give it. The world seems very large in growth, and full of many and varied interests, but it contracts as we grow older, and the objects of value to us narrow themselves down to those which we know to be real and which form our lives. Naturally, as these grow fewer in number they grow dearer, and the more we dislike to miss them from sight and sense. No lives are so happy as those which are so well ordered that there is so little to resign, and to which, therefore, every year brings added interest and added enjoyment in the regular discharge of individual and social duty.

GREAT effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motives for performing it.

Tapeworm! Tapeworm!

Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KINKEL, No. 206 N. Ninth St., Phila. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed.

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Correspondents' Bureau. Answers to all Inquirers.

THE GIFT OF READINESS.

Of all the intellectual gifts bestowed on man, the most intoxicating is readiness—the power of calling all the resources of the mind into simultaneous action at a moment's notice. Nothing strikes the unready as so miraculous as this promptitude in others; nothing impresses him with so dull and envious a sense of contrast in his own person. The want of readiness is to be laid on the shelf, to creep where others fly, to fall into permanent discouragement. To be ready is to have the mind's intellectual property put out at fifty or a hundred per cent.; to be unready at the moment of trial is to be dimly conscious of faculties tied up somewhere in a napkin. What an engine—we are speaking of "the commerce of mankind"—is a memory ready with its stores at the first question, words that come at your call, thoughts that follow in unbroken sequence, reason quick at retort! The thoughts we may feel not above our level; the words we could arrange in an harmonious order; the memory, only give it time, does not fail us; the repartee is all the occasion called for, if only it had not suggested itself too late, thus changing its nature from a triumph into a regret. It is such comparisons, the painful recollection of panic and disaster, the speech that would not be spoken, the reply that dissolved into incoherence; the action that belied our intention, or, it may be, experience in an humbler field, that gives to readiness such a charm and value. The ready man does seem such a clever fellow. The poet's readiness does not avail him for such practical uses, and does not contribute to his fame or success at all in the same degree. It is the result—the thought, the wit, the sense—not the speed of performance, which determines the worth of his efforts. But we delight in an extempore effusion because of the prestige of readiness called into play in busy life; at least, this adds to the pleasure.

The poet's best verses are the greatest, least imitable wonder about him; but we are apt to be most surprised when he shows his powers under immediate command; and good lines, struck off at a heat, do give us a vivid insight into the vivacity and energy of the poetical temperament, prompt in its action, ready at a call, and gayly willing to display its mechanical facilities. There is a specimen of Dryden's fluency in extempore verse, communicated and authenticated by Malone, which shows that foresight and composite action which a strong imagination seems to possess, uttering what it has prepared, and composing what is to follow, at one and the same time—a habit or faculty observed in Sir Walter Scott by his amanuenses. This double action must belong to all rapid complex expression; but the difficulty is enhanced and the feat magnified in proportion when rhythm and rhyme are added to the other requirements.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

One of our lady-writers says: "You can have everything on earth you want when you don't need anything."

Like many another disappointed soul, she had probably learned this fact from sad experience. When we are prosperous, how friends swarm around us, like bees round a honey-laden flower. How we are flattered, petted and caressed—we can have everything on earth we want—by paying for it. How "all the sheaves bow down to our sheaf." How pleasant to know we have such friends should misfortune overtake us, should a dark cloud dim the brightness of our heaven. How they would gather around us, each striving to out-do the other in consoling, in helping us to regain our footing.

There's a rumble in the distance, a cloud gathering, darker and darker, a crash, and our brilliant sky is black as midnight. We grope blindly, we look vainly for one ray of light in the darkness. Where are the friends of yesterday—those whom we have succoured in *their* day of need? Echo answers—where? In their stead we receive a few notes of condolence, a few formal calls, the stereotyped remark: "If there is anything we can do for you, let us know."

Perhaps some little favor asked of an old friend is met with a grave face and demurring voice, which sends us flying home with a bitterness in our hearts too deep for words or tears. Truly we can have everything on earth we want when we don't need anything—and when we do, Heaven help us!

At the Foot of the Ladder.—It is in vain that ladders are reared for people without strength of purpose. They cannot mount. A boatswain can drive a lazy sailor up the rigging of a ship to the maintop; but it is next to impossible to induce an irresolute man to make his way upward from the common level. If fate has placed him at the foot of the ladder, there in all probability he will grovel till he dies.

A DEAR ONE FAR AWAY!

BY LAWRENCE GRAY.

Oftimes when in these silent halls, the twilight's veil is thrown,
Within my solitary room, I sit and muse alone;
And as the curtains of the West close round the dying day,
Memories return of other days, and hopes long passed away.

Ah! then how sadly in my heart those olden memories throng!
The many unalloyed delights that to bright youth belong.
Before the blossom and the rose of life had felt decay,
And I was happy in the love of a dear one, far away.

I see the old familiar scenes—the joyous hours we know
Within the mirror of the mind, successive rise to view:
And, though like unsubstantial dreams, they vanish in the day,
Such pictures hold the form of one, who now is far away.

While thus I muse on vanished joys, and look through bygone years,
My sight is bladed, for my eyes are brimming full of tears.
The earth was bright before me then, and life was in its May,
And he in very truth was mine, who now is far away.

Thanks be to Heaven for that high power, which time cannot destroy—
A power that fills the saddened soul with images of joy.
Since with clear and brilliant light, Imagination's rays
Can bring to me again the one I loved in other days.

KATRINA.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Miss Covington and Giles Eastlake became acquainted and grew friendly under the roof of Mrs. Smyth's fashionable boarding-house in Arch street. Miss Covington was rich, independent and a belle — somewhat *passee*, connoisseurs said, but nobody could deny her the possession in perfection of that quality which is vulgarly called "style."

Giles Eastlake was a bookkeeper, with a fair salary, every cent of which slipped through his fingers almost as regularly as he received it.

He was not dissipated, neither was he in a "fast" set, but he was thoughtlessly extravagant. He dressed well, his tastes were æsthetic, and the opera, gloves, fine cigars, and an occasional picture, left nothing of his salary at the end of the year.

Eastlake was handsome, intellectual and honest, and Miss Covington, who had refused her dozen offers, and who by this time knew something of men, resolved that if she could bring him to ask *the* question she would not say no.

Eastlake was not blind, and the prospect of becoming the husband of the heiress was very tempting. His soul shrank from a mercenary marriage, but for all that he was determined to make one.

It was the 30th of September—Miss Covington's birthday. To do her justice, the heiress made no secret of her age, which was twenty-six. An amateur concert and a hop were to signalize the anniversary, and Mrs. Smyth's establishment was in a state of confused preparation.

"To-night I will ask her," thought Giles Eastlake, as he walked homeward from the office early in the afternoon. "She's a fine girl, and she rather likes me, I think. Pshaw! I'm not Don Quixote. Who can be happy without money?" The "she" referred to was Miss Covington.

A strain of purest melody hushed his thoughts and made him look up. It seemed to come from the second story of one of the dingy, semi-genteel rows of houses he was passing. It was a sweet, young voice, evidently highly cultivated, neither soprano nor contralto in quality, but a wonderful compound of the purity of one and the richness of the other. The song of the singer was Goethe's "Erl-konig."

Eastlake held his breath to listen, and crossed the street to get a better view of the window from the opposite side. He saw a girl's tender, serene face, crowned with golden hair, bending over the needle which flew as she sang.

When the song ceased, Eastlake observed that the house bore the sign, "Gottlieb Novalis, Teacher of Music."

The face and the voice haunted him, and did not depart even when Miss Covington met him in the hall and held up her pretty hands, with their tinkling bracelets, in simulated despair.

"Oh! Mr. Eastlake, I am *desolee*, as the French say. I cannot be comforted. Mrs. Arnold is sick, and can't come to-night, and so we'll have to do without those delightful German and Italian ballads. How we're going to fill the programme I can't tell. It's too provoking!"

When Miss Covington had repeated this speech twice Eastlake understood her.

"And so you want a singer?"

"Alas! yes; a singer of ballads."

"You shall have one," he said, eagerly. "Miss Covington never wishes in vain. Trust me." And he bowed himself out.

The heiress smiled. "He will make a model husband," she thought, self-satisfied.

In a few minutes' time Eastlake was knocking at the door of the dingy house. It was opened by the girl he had seen at the window. He was somewhat taken aback. After a pause, he stammered:

"Is Gottlieb Novalis at home?"

"My father is in," the girl answered, with a quaint German accent. "He is sick. Come in. I will take your message to him."

Eastlake entered the room. It was neat, but signs of poverty were everywhere. "I want a singer," he began, with more confidence, "a singer for a concert to-night. Perhaps your father can tell you of one? I will pay well."

A thoughtful look came into the girl's eyes as he spoke. "I want one who can sing German ballads." Her face lighted up. "I will tell my father," she said, leaving the room.

The sound of a colloquy reached Eastlake.

"I will not have it, Katrina!" he heard a cracked voice say, impatiently. "You must not sing in public, even if there be not a crust of bread in the house."

Then Katrina's tones were heard soothingly. The old man gave a groan of enforced resignation, and Katrina entered.

"Katrina Novalis will sing at your concert, Meinherr, if you will give the address, and the songs——"

"The Erl-konig, and anything else you please."

Katrina looked at him for an instant doubtfully, and then took his card with the penciled direction.

"I will be there in time," she said, opening the door for him.

After the vocal contortions of the amateur operatic singers at Miss Covington's concert, Katrina's singing came like a rivulet of crystal water in the track of a cascade of fizzing champagne. Eastlake's heart beat quickly with pleasure as the little figure in gray timidly acknowledged the second recall.

When the concert was over, Eastlake searched for her. Her gray dress, with a simple knot of scarlet at the throat, would have plainly distinguished her among the gorgeous throng. He could not find her. She had gone home, rejoicing that the ordeal was past. There was consolation for him, however; to-morrow he would call and pay the reward of her service.

The next day he called, and saw both father and daughter. Gottlieb Novalis, the old music master, lay helpless, stricken with paralysis. Katrina supported him and herself by her needle. They were very poor; a stranger in a strange land, old Gottlieb was glad to hear a friendly voice, and Eastlake's visits, after the ice was broken, were gladly welcomed by the old man. After a time, Katrina, too, began to enjoy them.

Miss Covington discovered that Eastlake gave little thought to her. She was not long in finding out the cause. One day, old Gottlieb died, and Katrina was left without a protector. Soon, however, the old man's place was supplied. Katrina Novalis became Mrs. Eastlake. Miss Covington bit her lip when she heard the news.

"Slighted," she murmured; "deserted, and for a poverty-stricken, baby-faced German girl! They shall both rue it!"

And Miss Covington watched and waited.

Giles Eastlake and his wife took up their abode in a small house down town. It was then Eastlake felt the want of the money he had been foolishly wasting for years. He sighed to think that he could not surround Katrina with the luxuries she deserved. He worked manfully, for he had a great object in view.

"We will take you as a partner in six months time," a member of the firm had said to him, shortly after his marriage. "But we will expect you to invest at least two thousand dollars. You must have saved at least that sum."

The words stung Eastlake. He had saved nothing. He told all to Katrina; but to him her soothing words were all reproaches.

"It will be all right," she said. "We will do our best. What do we want with money? We have each other."

Eastlake groaned.

The six months were almost up. He had gathered fifteen hundred dollars. In despair, he saw the golden opportunity slipping from him. Katrina still whispered of hope.

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The words that paled Eastlake's face and caused his heart to cease its beating were in Miss Covington's handwriting.

"*Giles Eastlake, your wife is false to you. Watch her. A Friend.*"

That was all, but it was more than enough to turn his trust in Katrina into suspicion, in spite of his better judgment. He obeyed the advice contained in the note, and he discovered that on certain afternoons in the week, his wife drove out in a close carriage. He saw this twice, and then he followed her. The carriage stopped in front of a place of amusement. A well-dressed gentleman assisted her to alight, and, conversing, the two entered the theatre. Stunned and half-mad, Eastlake wandered through the street until nightfall. Then he went home, and entered his room.

"Ruined — betrayed — dishonored!" Something like a sob convulsed his breast. He opened his dressing-case, and took out a pistol. He failed to notice a faint rustle behind him.

"Giles," a blythe voice whispered, while a soft hand and a crisp roll of something were pressed against his cheek.

"It is all right. Here is the money you wanted. Your partnership is safe. And Giles," the voice trembled, "I want you to forgive me. I earned this money by singing at the museum matinees. Will you forgive me?"

Unseen in the twilight, he dropped the pistol.

"I did not tell you, for I knew you would not let me do it. Will you forgive me?"

Of course he forgave her; and they promised with one voice never to keep a secret from each other.

Miss Covington was disappointed.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

Life, like the leaf, has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life; if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainty of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all the uncertainties are past, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears.

It is the duty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so we feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well its purpose. When the bud drops are blighted, and the mildew blasts the early green, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing that earth is capable of so much gladness, and is permitted so much virtue.

Cheerfulness and a joyous spirit fills the soul with harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity; and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about; and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious, and full of holy advantage, whatever can minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity.

RETRIBUTION.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Isabel Deane was dressing for a grand ball that night—the last of the season, and her brother stood watching her in the glass.

Her dress was of turquoise satin, and fell about her in lustrous folds; the pearls in her necklace were scarcely softer or whiter than the beautiful neck which they encircled; and with that brilliant splendor shining in her blue eyes, and that lovely blush on her fair cheek, she might surely win any man's admiration.

She seemed to realize suddenly that she was not alone, and turned to meet her brother's gaze.

"Do I look well to-night, Rodney? Do you think I shall be queen of the ball-room?"

And as she spoke she turned back to fasten in her hair an arrow thickly studded with pearls.

"You are very beautiful, and you know it, Isabel. I cannot think there will be many fairer faces there to-night."

"I wish you would go with me just this once, Rodney. It is the last night of the season, and—and really, Rodney, you might be glad to share in my triumph."

"Do not ask me!" he said, bitterly, his proud face darkening as he spoke. "You know, as well as I know, Isabel, that it was some one of that fashionable throng whom you will meet to-night, who drove my darling away from me—to death, perhaps! Do you think, knowing that, that I could go and smile and jest the idle hours away? No, no! I am willing you should go, Isabel, but do not ask me again!"

"You are full of such strange fancies, Rodney. How can you know that any one drove Elsie Penoyer to hide herself in obscurity so deep that you have never been able to discover the least trace of her from that day to this?"

"What else can I suppose?" he asked, in a sorrowful tone.

"She may have discovered at the eleventh hour that she loved some one else better than she loved you. Such women are apt to be fickle."

"Never say that again, Isabel. My darling was as pure and as proud as you are, and it must have been a *lie* that drove her from me."

Isabel Deane shrugged her fair shoulders as she listened, though a careful observer would have detected an unwonted pallor on the fair cheek.

"Granting that all you say is true, Rodney, why should you mourn for her forever? You have refused to be comforted these three years, and you would scarcely have mourned longer than that had Elsie Penoyer been your wife. Will you never be your old self again, Rodney? Ah, if you would only go and see Rose St. John!"

But without a word of reply, Rodney Deane left the room, and after ordering his sister's carriage, he walked rapidly down the street.

He had lost his darling in St. Louis, but even here in New York, he was constantly looking for her—hoping against hope that he might find her again.

Suddenly he paused before a printed bill of a concert to be given that night at —— Hall; and hardly knowing why he did it, purchased his ticket and passed in with the crowd.

His seat was close to the stage, and he leaned back to listen to the exquisite violin solo which was the first thing on the programme.

Some one near him was saying, in a low tone: "That lovely young creature who is to sing again to-night is singing herself into a grave. She ought to be perfectly quiet for six months, and have the tenderest care."

"But she probably has her living to make, and cannot afford to rest."

Rodney turned to look at the first speaker, and was only recalled to the knowledge of the place and surroundings by a burst of song sweeter than the song of many birds.

For a moment he held his breath to listen; then after one glance at the singer, a glance in which each recognized the other, he sprang to his feet to go to her. For it was Elsie Penoyer—his Elsie whom he had mourned so long.

But as he left his seat, the sweet voice faltered, rose again, fell, and then with no other warning she fell to the floor, crushing the white and red roses that had been showered at her feet.

Rodney looked around him in despair for a familiar face, and then stepped forward to where the lady sat who had been speaking of Elsie before she came out.

Handing her his card, he said hastily: "Will you go with me, madam? She must have some woman near her."

She glanced at his card—the name was enough—and rising silently, took his arm and left the room.

They found her in the room to which she had been carried, lying pale and broken as a lily on the couch. A few words satisfied her friends, and she was removed to a carriage and driven rapidly to her new friend's house.

"For it would never do to take her to the hotel; it would kill her at once. Beside I have a sort of claim, for I loved her when I first saw her, and would have given her a home if she would have left the stage."

"You are very kind," he said; and he said nothing more until they reached the house. Then he leaned toward Bertha Cameron, and said:

"Will you send for a clergyman?"

She looked up, frightened, for she thought it was death he was preparing for; but he smiled as he replied to her mute question:

"She will not die, madam, but she may be very ill, and I want to care for *my wife*."

She understood it all then, and by the time Elsie Penoyer had been carried in and laid on a couch in Mrs. Cameron's own sitting-room, the clergyman for whom she had sent was there, waiting to perform the marriage ceremony.

Mrs. Cameron was an old friend, and when she made the request he did not hesitate.

It was Bertha Cameron, too, who listened to her sad story that night, and who repeated it word for word to her husband.

"And it was Isabel, then, who drove my darling away, who told her I was to be married to Miss St. John?" And Rodney Deane buried his face in his hands, and shivered with uncontrollable emotion.

"Isabel and Miss St. John together. Your sister was determined that you should not marry a poor singer, and Miss St. John was quite as determined that you should some time marry her."

"Well," he said, sternly, "all the false friends in the world cannot take her from me now! As for Isabel, she can no longer share my home."

Isabel was only Rodney Deane's half sister, and by will Rodney had inherited all his father's vast wealth; but up to the day when he found Elsie Penoyer, Isabel had shared his house and his fortune, never having a single wish ungratified.

But from that day she was forbidden to enter his doors. Mrs. Rodney Deane recovered her health in the genial sunshine of her husband's home, and it is due to her gentle intercession that his sister receives a yearly allowance, amply sufficient for all her wants.

But she no longer shines queen of the ball-room. Her satin robes are discarded, and pearls and diamonds no longer adorn her beautiful neck. She may wear them again some day, but they will not be purchased with her brother's money.

I think Isabel Deane would have chosen to have retribution come in almost any other shape, for she prized jewels and fine dress and the luxuries that money can buy, beyond her own honor.

SENSITIVENESS.

Dull people are unpleasant enough to deal with, but sensitive folks are more so. If the one cannot be stirred by anything short of an earthquake or a ten-pounder, the others are always on the quiver, like animated aspens, and are as easy to start as a young doe in the bracken. You break yourselves to pieces against the solidity of the one, but you know no rest or peace under the fretful animation of the other. Dull people offend your sensibilities and wound your moral vitality, so to speak; but sensitive folk insult your reason and disquiet your common sense. The first are like granitic barriers, though which no passage can be made by the ordinary wayfarer. The last are pools of quicksilver which scatter at a touch, and which a breath can set in motion. Between the two, you of the strong pulse and healthy brain have a hard time of it; but on the whole you find your very sensitive folk the more difficult and the most disturbing.

Sensitive folk are always people of small self-esteem and an inordinate love of approbation; generally, too, they are people of large affections and a vivid imagination. The facility with which they can be bent, and their capacity for being snubbed, are on a par. No shying horse is more convinced that a quiet heap of stones by the wayside is something of which to be afraid, than your sensitive folk are assured you mean to slight and humiliate them when you mean, in point of fact, to do them a kindness, or perhaps mean nothing at all.

You ask them to a dinner on Tuesday with the Smiths, and they are wounded beyond measure that you did not invite them on Wednesday with the Browns. You neglect to introduce them to the Robinsons, and they quarrel with you on the ground that you knew they wanted to be introduced to the Robinsons, and this was just the opportunity; or you introduce them in a manner which displeases them, and bring forward, as the link of relation, the very circumstance of their condition they desire to keep hidden. You speak in terms of comiseration of poor Mrs. Jackson, who has just lost her favorite child, and they think you cast a slur on their grief, in their first mourning for their father. They can never join hands in any company whatsoever, or sing chorus with the rest. They must always be individualized, separated and specially chosen; and if you do as they desire, even then you may trip, let your walk be ever so careful, and offend the sensibilities you set yourself to soothe.

Do it Well.—Whatever you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate, insensibly, into bad workmen.

"That is a good rough job," said a foreman in our hearing, recently; and he meant that it was a piece of work, not elegant in itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects; and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen.

No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a farthing because it is not a shilling.

Some of the wisest lawmakers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, rose from the great mass.

Take heart, all who toil; all youths in humble situations, all in adverse circumstances and those who labor unappreciated. If it be but to drive the plough, strive to do it well; if it be but to wax thread, wax it well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up on the ladder.

Method in Work.—Do instantly whatever is to be done; take the hours of reflection for recreation after business, or during the time it should be done, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. It is a habit of mind that is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not filled up regularly, but is left to their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion.

Superstition.—There is, we believe, a degree of superstition lurking in every mind; and we doubt if any one can thoroughly examine all his secret notions and impulses without detecting it, hidden, perhaps, even from himself. It seems, in fact, to be a part of our nature, like instinct in animals, acting independently of our reason. It is often found existing in lofty natures, especially those that are poetical and aspiring. Cæsar, it is well known, was greatly under the influence of such belief, and Napoleon had his good and evil days and his presiding star.

News of Interest

They say that a self-raking reaper in Iowa nets a lag a day.

Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, announces her determination to marry an American.

It takes 378,939 cars and 14,939 locomotive engines to run the railroads in the United States and Canada.

Ecru traveling gloves, mottled with black, are said to be the latest fancy. They must be something nice, for not one man in a hundred knows what "ecru" is.

The latest fancy article from Berlin is an opera glass which holds one's handkerchief, gloves, reserved seat checks and smelling bottle, and is withal so compact that it can be put in one's pocket.

An Indianapolis fireman claims the championship in melon eating. In five hours and three-quarters he ate seventeen and three-quarter mush-melons, and stranger still he lives to tell the tale.

The faculty of the California University has adopted a plan of loaning funds to poor students, a practice which is designed to do away with the system of manual labor hitherto practiced at the University.

In Massachusetts the law makes it imperative that "a dozen eggs shall weigh one pound and a half." It is time that the hens should be brought under the yoke of discipline; they have so far laid just such eggs, or as small as they pleased. This is to be allowed no longer, at least in Massachusetts.

It was once, records Chitty, in his work on Contracts, a mere matter of choice whether one paid or did not pay his doctor's bill. Down to the present reign the physician could not sue for his fees unless charged on special contract, the service being purely honorary. Hence the use of the term *honorarium*.

In an obscure corner of Berkshire county, Me., there is situated a wonderful boiling lake, whose waters are said to become agitated and overflow the banks. A rumbling noise accompanies the bubbling of the waters in their subterranean cavern. Various attempts have been made to sound different parts of the lake, but so far without success.

The wants of a great city. New York requires annually 600,000 head of cattle, 800,000 sheep, 1,000,000 hogs, 2,000,000 barrels of flour, and 800,000 barrels of corn and rye, with milk, fish, fruit, vegetables and groceries to correspond. If large cities are sores in the body politic, they require a vast deal of medicine, supplied by the farmer-physicians of the country, who without this demand would have to close up their granaries or medicine-chests.

A San Francisco lady has just invented a new needle, which does not look as if they were going out of fashion, after all. The improvement consists in having a needle without an eye for the thread, but with, instead, a hole bored longitudinally into the head, or large end, to the depth of a quarter of an inch, or thereabouts, which hole is arranged with a screw thread. The needle, it is said, will carry any kind of thread, and can be used for any purpose.

Baron Anselm De Rothschild, who died recently at his country seat at Dobling, near Vienna, was a man of extreme simplicity of character, in spite of his immense wealth. By his express desire, recorded in his will, his funeral was celebrated without any pomp. A hearse drawn by two horses, followed only by a few servants, conveyed the body to the northeastern station, whence it was taken to the domain in which the family vault is situated. The fortune of the baron is estimated at more than a thousand millions of francs.

The *corbeille de mariage* is a French institution which might be advantageously imported. Formerly, as the name implies, it was a big basket, in which the trousseau and wedding presents are laid. It is now a handsome piece of cabinet-maker's work—a sort of small wardrobe, set round with satin-lined and padded drawers. Relatives and intimate friends are expected to come and see the *corbeille*, which is on show for many days before the wedding at the house of the bride. Persons wishing to make presents are thus afforded an opportunity of knowing what to avoid.

Some curiosity was caused recently on the Boulevards, in Paris, says Galignani, by the appearance of three women attired in a singular costume, viz., large zouave trowsers, closed by gaiters, small gray paletots, trimmed with black, and tall felt hats; who were stopping at the Grand Hotel. On inquiry they were found to be an American medical practitioner and two of her pupils. The lady is about fifty years of age, and an apostle of the emancipation of women in the United States, and belongs to the sect of the Bloomerists. She is said to be on her way to Turkey, where she has just accepted the post of private physician of the Sultan's seraglio.

It was in Grass Valley, Cal., that a miner, sporting a fiery red flannel shirt, passed thoughtlessly through a herd of cattle grazing on each side of the road. When half way through the herd, a bull on each side of the road espied the flaming and obnoxious shirt. With a war cry which broke significantly upon the startled ear of the miner, the two bulls started simultaneously for the red shirt. The miner, equal to the occasion, stood still until the bulls were almost upon him, when he darted suddenly to one side, allowing them to "telescope." The shock was fearful, and amid the clouds of dust which arose the miner departed, leaving the bulls still contesting between themselves the question as to which of them had worn the red shirt.

If a pail of water be placed within six inches of either side of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will, in the course of the night, approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of the leaves on the water. If a prop be placed within six inches of a convolvulus, or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the prop may be shifted daily. If, after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position, or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of the plants grow near to each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of the spiral, and they will twine around each other.

A FAIRY STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

Once upon a time there was a little boy, who, reading fairy-tales at twilight, was so delighted with the wonders thereof, that he cried out, "I do wish I lived in the times when there were fairies."

And he thought so much about it that he grew quite unhappy, and did nothing but wish that he could see the fairy.

One night, as for the hundred and fiftieth time he was saying something of the sort, he met his cousin Oliver; and feeling very cross, they presently got into a quarrel. Up went his little fist, and he dealt Oliver a tremendous whack on the ear—that is, he intended to do so, for instead he gave himself such a box that his ears rang again.

"You might as well give over," said Oliver, laughing with all his might. "My fairy godmother has promised me that, for the next year, whoever tries to strike me shall hurt themselves."

But at that our little boy was so enraged that he rushed at Oliver with all his force. Oliver stepped on one side, and down went our boy, flat, taking the skin off his knees, and making his nose bleed, while his cousin ran away, shouting at the fun. Bob—for that was our little friend's name—lay on the ground a long while, he was so stunned and bruised; and when at last he managed to limp off, it was very nearly night. Of course, he walked slowly enough; but at last he came to the great forest, on the other side of which stood his father's house.

It was very dark in there, under the great trees, whose branches touched each other, and were so thick with leaves that the little there was left of daylight could not find its way through them; but Bob heard on all sides a great pattering of feet and chattering of tongues; and looking closer, he saw that the forest was full of ugly little creatures about a foot high, with humped backs, green eyes, and hideous snarling faces. They were constantly coming up through the earth and going down again; and looking after them, Bob saw millions of them come down, down so deep, that he could hardly guess how far it might be; and, worse than that, many little children like himself, who appeared to be slaves among them. These poor children were continually piling up heaps of gold and silver, and washing out diamonds from lumps of earth; and though they worked with wonderful swiftness, the ugly goblins who watched them, whip in hand, were continually lashing them, and crying out, "Will you be quick now? Will you hasten? Do you suppose we keep you here and feed you to have you go to sleep over our work!" and then they would beat them again.

While Bob looked at these poor little unfortunates, he heard one of the goblins saying:

"Brothers, look! Here is another of these wretched creatures that they call boys. Let us make him a slave also, to teach him better than to come in the twilight into our forest."

"Yes, yes," cried all the others. "Let us seize him; let us cling about his legs; let us pound him, pull his hair, bite him, scratch him, till he can help himself no longer, and then we will take him down below."

And with that they all came swarming towards him; but on hearing of these kind intentions, Bob started at once to run, and having a reasonably good pair of legs, made such excellent use of them that the dwarfs were presently far behind and he safe out of their clutches, at the expense only of a few scratches and kicks, which they had managed to bestow on him. He was so frightened, however, that he continued to run with all his might, till he ran headlong into a great tangle of yarn, when, looking to see what this might mean, he spied an old woman sitting at her spinning-wheel. She was so ugly that he was obliged to shut his eyes after looking at her, and being in such a passion, made her none the more beautiful.

"You miserable, nasty little creature," she cried; "you have tangled my yarn again, just as I had got it straight. Never mind, I'll have you for supper to-night."

So she took him down to her cellar, and tied him on a hook by one of his curls, and all around the cellar was a row of hooks, and boys and girls hanging thereon, and one cried, "Oh dear! oh dear! I am to be done in a fricassee," and another, "Oh! good gracious, I am to be boiled," and so on, till Bob was stiff with fright; but it happened that the hook on which he hung was not firm in the wall, and he being a very stout boy, down he came on the floor with a thump.

The very moment that he got on his legs, away he ran out at the door; and as the witch happened to be dosing in her chair, he slipped past her without being seen. Running, however, with all his might to get quite out of her way, he bounced headlong into a trap, which caught him by the leg, and there he was obliged to remain all night. In the morning came a giant to look after his traps; and finding Bob, he took him home to his children.

"Here," he said, "is something for you to play with. Get him something to eat and drink, and then you can put him in the cage that you had for the other little boy that died."

You may imagine that Bob had not much appetite for dinner after that; and after trying in vain to make him eat, the young giants and giantesses brought out a cage, for all the world like our bird-cages, only larger, and putting Bob in it, set him out on the steps. But when they were all gone to supper, Bob managed to cut through one of the bars of his cage with the knife that he always carried in his pocket, and slipping out, made good his escape.

He was now almost home; but he had yet to cross a brook. He pulled off his shoes and stockings, and putting them in his pocket, started to wade across; but as his ill-fortune would have it, the brook-goblins spied him, and one putting up a slimy hand, caught at his ankles, and another slipped a stone from under his foot, and down he fell into the water, that soused him over his ears, laughing at him the while. He was now in a very piteous plight, and hardly able to make his way home, which he did with much trouble. On getting there, his first thought was, of course, to warm himself; and bustling up to the fire, he had very nearly stepped on a hearth-fairy, about as large as a match, that was sitting by it.

"Stupid thing!" she said, in a rage. "I have a mind to turn you into a cat, to teach you to go about quietly."

At that Bob began to cry, "Oh dear! I wish I was back in the times when there were no fairies, and I wasn't continually stepping on goblins' toes and getting into traps."

"Very good," said the fairy; "go back, then;" and in an instant there he was nodding over his book in the twilight, and he has never seen a fairy or a giant since.

LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

BY F. A. DUNBAR.

The Squire gave Widow Nancy and her two daughters a peck of his round, red apples. Smooth-cheeked, splendid apples they were; and, sitting about the fire, the widow divided them equally, and they promised themselves a feast. Just then came a knock at the door.

"Do you go, Lucy," said Rhoda, the eldest. "If I stir, I shall spill all these apples out of my lap. I wonder what people always come for when you don't want them."

Lucy put her apples out of her lap on the table, and opened the door. There was a tiny old woman, very withered, in a brown cloak and hood.

"Rest and save you," said the old woman. "Let a poor creature in that is almost frozen to death."

Lucy opened the door wide, and the old woman hobbled in and sat down in Lucy's chair, warming her hands by the fire. And seeing Lucy's apples on the table, "That is just what I want," said she. "I have not tasted an apple this year." And, pulling the table towards her, she began to eat.

"What impudence!" said Widow Nancy and Rhoda.

"Hush!" said Lucy. "She is almost starved. She can have them."

Just then came a second knock.

"Oh," said the old woman, "it must be one of my little family. The poor children are almost starved."

Lucy hurried to open the door, and, without a word, darted in another little old woman, but very much smaller than the first.

"Come here, child," said the first old woman. "Here is a fire, and some nice red apples."

So there sat the two by the fire, munching and crunching at Lucy's apples.

"It is not very pleasant," said Lucy to herself; "but they looked nearly starved, and I can spare them the apples."

At that moment she heard a third knock. The old woman said precisely the same thing as before; and almost before Lucy could get the door fairly open, jumped in a third little old woman still smaller than the other two.

"Come here, mother's darling baby," said the first old woman, taking the new comer in her lap. So there they all sat, one little old woman holding another tiny little old woman, and a second one beside her, eating at Lucy's nice red apples, till there was not one left. As soon as the apples were gone, they all got up, and marched out, without a word, leaving poor Lucy staring.

"Well, you are the queen of sillies," said her mother; "and to punish you for your stupidity, you shall not have a single apple of mine. Learn, another time, to look sharp after what you have."

"And you shall have none of mine," echoed her sister Rhoda. "You are too silly."

"She will not need your apples," said the first old woman, who had come back after her staff, "or be sorry for her kindness of heart. After this, whenever she combs her hair, she shall comb sunbeams from it."

"Likely enough," said Widow Nancy.

"And even if it does happen, I can't see what good it will do her."

The next morning, however, as she began to comb and brush her long hair, it was full of light; and, as she brushed, all the room and the cottage was full of the warm, lovely light.

"I should not like to be different from other people," said Rhoda. "If I were you, I should be ashamed to brush my hair before people."

Lucy, however, loved the little sunbeams; and every morning she used to say, as she sat brushing her hair, "Are you there, little sunbeams? Are you there, dear sunbeams?"

Lucy was very kind-hearted, and she used to go to the dark, stifling rooms of the poor and sick people, and brush out her hair, and fill their houses with sunlight; and so many flowers, and breezes, and houses, and people came to know and love her, that at last they heard about her at court.

So, one day, there came riding up a messenger from the king.

"Is there a girl here who brushes sunbeams out of her hair?" asked the messenger.

"There," said Rhoda to Lucy, "I always told you no good would come of it. You see they have heard of you at court, and they are going to hang you for a witch!" Then she said to the messenger, "Yes, this is the girl. It is not me. I would not do such a thing for the world."

"That is so much the worse for you," said the messenger. "The king has a room full of treasure, through which blows continually such a current of air, that every light is instantly extinguished; and as the room is very large and perfectly dark, no one has been able to get the treasure. But if she can brush out sunbeams from her hair and fill the room with light, the king has promised her a quarter of the treasure."

On hearing that, Lucy went with the man at once; and, coming to the great dark room, she let down her hair and began to brush it, saying softly, "Little sunbeams, are you there? Dear sunbeams, are you there?"

And, presently, a little light showed on the wall, and then a dozen little sunbeams twinkled on the floor, and at last the great room was as light as day, and the king's men took out all the treasure. The king fulfilled his promise, and gave a quarter of it to Lucy, and made her one of the principal ladies at court. Lucy shared the treasure with her mother and sister; and Rhoda resolved, if any more old women came to the house, to give them the best of what she had; but though she watched often, the old woman never came again.

THE OLD LETTER.

BY BELLE BREWER.

'Tis only a musty letter,
Worn and yellow with age,
But the years like a scroll roll backward,
As I gaze on its well worn page.

And is it a poor dead flower,
Its beauty long since fled;
Only a withered rosebud,
Faded, scentless and dead.

Only a bit of paper,
Yet I see, through blinding tears,
In its musty folds a phantom,
The ghost of vanished years.

Down through the sounding chambers
It waves a shadowy hand,
And I may not choose but follow
To memory's silent land.

And on through the solemn arches,
Thick with the dust of years,
I follow the ghostly beckon,
Through bitter, blinding tears.

To memory's charnel chambers,
Where the ghosts of the past lie hid—
Ghosts that are ever restless—
Under a coffin-lid.

Here are dear dead hopes and pleasures,
That perished as with a blight,
Here are phantoms, dark and ghostly,
Hidden away from sight.

They are coming now around me,
With slow and solemn tread,
The ghosts of the years departed,
My unforgotten dead.

DOWLAH,
THE SNAKE-CHARMER!
OR,
THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR.

A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHINIA R. CHARNOCK.

[This serial was commenced in No. 6, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

It was scarcely dark when the Snake-Charmer made his appearance. He came so stealthily that Cora neither saw nor heard him, until he placed his foot upon the ladder, and shortly after thrust his head through the opening. She saw that he carried something in his hands, but could not make out precisely what it was.

"Follow me," he said, in his contentious way, "the time has come."

Reaching the lower floor, Dowlah paused and took from the bundle a large faded yellow turban, which he proceeded to bind dextrously and ingeniously around the head of Cora. Then he shook out a thin, light-colored cloak, which he secured, after a peculiar fashion, over her shoulders.

"Now," said he, with his tigerish smile, looking down in her face, "you are a Mahratta woman, following your husband to camp. Your head is covered so that the color of your hair cannot be seen; but hold, your skin is too white."

The girl could not forbear a smile, as the man coolly drew a small phial from beneath his coat, and moistening his finger with its contents, carefully passed it over her features, gently rubbing the forehead, nose, cheeks, chin, and telling her to hold her eyes closed for several minutes while he stained the lids. When this was completed he did the same with her hands; and although the young lady had no mirror, by which to contemplate her appearance, she had no doubt that her complexion was of the legitimate native swarthiness, and that it would require more than a superficial glance to detect the counterfeit.

During this process there was no appearance of sentimentality about the Sepoy. He went about it as a mere matter of business, acting in the presence of the beautiful Cora as if he were dealing with some embrowned soldier who was entitled to no deference or delicacy at his hands.

Comprehending that he was taking all these precautions and assuming all this risk not for her sake, but for that of Captain Livingston's, the subject did not burst forth into any exuberant expressions of gratitude, but with her woman tact, treated him accordingly.

"Dowlah, my friend," she said, as he was engaged in dyeing her hands, "where did you see Captain Livingston last?"

"In Calcutta; some bad men were beating me, and would have killed me had he not interfered. He wished me to follow you to Cawnpoor. I did it for his sake. He went on to Ceylon, and knows not the danger in which you stand."

"Do you think I shall be spared to meet him again?" she asked.

"I think you will."

There was something in the confidence with which the Snake-Charmer uttered these words, that inspired hope in the heart of the fair fugitive.

"Now," he added, when their preparations were completed, "it is little you have to do, but that little is the hardest thing in the world for your sex."

"What is that?"

"To keep from speaking."

Dowlah had some sense of the humorous, for he actually laughed, at his own witticism. It was a hearty silent laugh that revealed his gleaming white teeth.

"You must carry your head bowed, when passing near others, and they will think you have a great sorrow, and will not be apt to speak to you; but if they do, act as though you heard them not."

"I will show you how easy such a task will be for me."

"Then we will go."

He turned abruptly upon his heel, and passed to the outside, Cora following close after him with a feeling of fear yet not unmixed with physical enjoyment, after remaining in the cramped position enforced by her stay in the cabin.

They had scarcely reached the highway when two men stopped Dowlah and addressed him. He replied in his own tongue, and after a few questions and answers, and a glance at the woman, who never once raised her eyes from the ground, they passed on.

"You did well," said her guide, in a low voice, after they had advanced a little further; "do the same till told differently, and all will come as I promised you."

The night, like the previous one, was illumined by a full moon, and Cora, by using her eyes with judgment, was enabled to see a great deal more than would have been supposed. They had gone but a short distance when she saw they were in the immediate vicinity of Cawnpoor. Instead of entering the town, however, they made a circuit around the lower end. The native soldiers seemed to be everywhere, and they were stopped at least a dozen times before they came to the Ganges; but the Snake-Charmer proved that he certainly possessed special privileges in the army of Nana Sahib.

In every case he gave what was undoubtedly the countersign, and when the presence of his companion caused further questioning, he produced some document that never failed to secure them unmolested passage to whatever point they desired to go.

Upon the banks of the broad, rapidly-flowing Ganges, a few minutes were spent in finding a waterman, whose lusty arms impelled them to the other side. Here they found themselves among the horde of Sepoys, numbering several thousands, who had surrounded the little band of Europeans, so bravely fighting for their lives behind the entrenchments.

The heart of Cora failed when she found herself in this terrible position, and she could not believe that her guide had the power to conduct her through such an array of dark, treacherous fiends; but Dowlah showed that he understood the position thoroughly. He had approached at a point where the number of Sepoys were less than at any other, and here he played his part with a coolness and self-possession that insured success. The fact was, the piece of paper that he carried with him bore the signature of Nana Sahib himself, instructing all to pass him without question through the lines. This was enough, but as there was no reference to a female companion, there were some officers who showed a disposition to question the safe conduct of two persons, under the pass of one; but the address of the Snake-Charmer rose to the occasion, and in less than two hours from the time he left the Ganges, his charge was within a hundred yards of the English entrenchments.

The action of Dowlah at this point indicated that he was expected, not only by the sentinels of the Sepoys, but by those of General Wheeler, and it would have been hard for an intelligent person watching his movements to explain them all.

With an assumption of dignity and importance that would have became Nana Sahib himself, he strode along, keeping the silent and bowed head close to him, and warning her once or twice to permit, under no consideration, a syllable to escape her. Now and then, when her neck ached from the restraint, she ventured to raise her head somewhat and to glance hastily around. At such times she saw men everywhere—dark, swarthy faces—in every imaginable position, sleeping, quarreling, smoking, chatting, walking about. Here and there were tents, occupied mainly by the officers; at other places cannon were observed in position, with their gaping mouths pointing towards the entrenchments, and near them, upon the ground, lay the tired bullocks that were used to drag them from one place to another, contentedly chewing their cuds. Few horses were visible, although the natives possessed quite a number, but occasionally the mountainous form of an elephant was to be seen. It was the hour when by general consent there was a cessation of firing, preparatory to the work of the night, so that Cora ran no risk from being struck by the balls that were most of the time flying in every direction.

It is probable that the natives supposed the female following Dowlah was a messenger from the Nana who was being conducted to the other side for the purpose of carrying some word to General Wheeler. At any rate, the two continued forward without any serious interruption for nearly an hour, crossing an open plain and climbing with some difficulty an elevation. The Snake-Charmer turned to his charge and said:

"You are now within the entrenchments of Cawnpoor!"

CHAPTER XII.

"It shall come in empire's groans—
Burning temples, trampled thrones!
Then, ambition, rue thy lust;
Earth to earth, dust to dust!" —*Orsly.*

The scene upon which Cora Wilson looked as she entered the entrenchments of Cawnpoor was enough to strike gloom and dread to the stoutest heart. The moon was far up in the sky, undimmed by a single cloud, so that quite an extended view of the interior of the entrenchments was afforded.

As has been stated in another place, the military station at Cawnpoor was built upon a dead level, and ill adapted in every respect for defence.

General Wheeler had selected an unfinished detached building near the middle of the parade ground, originally intended for a military hospital, having on its northwest side a range of other buildings, and on the northeast a church, also yet unfinished. These different edifices were connected by breastworks, and the whole were surrounded by an entrenchment. Here, for over three weeks, the little handful of Europeans held out against a force a dozen times their own.

As the young lady stood beside her guide and looked about her, she saw great rents in the different buildings, where they had been torn by shot and shell, and here and there were piles of rubbish and debris created by the same means. The night was excessively hot, and a close, suffocating, horrible odor, such as comes from dead, wounded, decaying and perspiring bodies, filled the air. A gentle breeze was blowing, else the situation would have been unbearable. Men, women, children, and all within the entrenchments, were completely exhausted by fatigue and heat, and during the lull in the fighting were stretched out in any place that could offer them temporary rest.

On the 7th of June the Nana increased the number of his available guns, several of which were twenty-four-pounders, and all were manned by skillful artillerymen. The shots, in many cases, were fired with such precision as to bring down whole pillars of the verandahs, and penetrated the walls of the hospital barracks. The single well was situated in almost the exact centre of the entrenchment, around which the fire was so sharp that it could only be approached during the night, when there was a lull in the firing. In less than a week all the cattle and sheep within the defences had been shot by the Sepoys, whose infantry took possession of the bungalows, compound walls and outbuildings nearest the camp. The church, which was fired more than once, proved exceedingly annoying to the defenders, as also did the unfinished European barracks. The natives kept obstinually encroaching upon the latter, but their purpose was invariably defeated through the watchfulness and bravery of Captain Moore, of the Thirty-second Foot, who, although badly wounded in one of his arms, never gave himself the least rest. He placed scouts, with eye-glasses, upon the top of the unfinished barracks, from which every movement of the enemy could be seen, and whenever there appeared any danger he dashed out, one arm in a sling, while he grasped a revolver in the other, and with a score of twenty spirits as daring as himself was not long in driving the rebels back from the dangerous position they were seeking so hard to gain.

Captain Moore repeated this exploit again and again; and on two occasions, favored by the darkness of the night, he led twenty-five of his comrades out of the entrenchments and spiked the nearest guns of the enemy.

After the first week there was a cessation in the artillery fire of General Wheeler, who saw that he was wasting the most of his ammunition, as the rebels kept well under shelter and little execution was done among them.

All this time the heat was excessive. The cloudless sun shone upon them at midday with pitiless power, and the sultry nights brought scarcely any comfort to the miserable defenders, who drank inordinate quantities of the water, which was then easily obtainable. The distress and discomfort of the people became so great that within a few days many women and children died with great suffering, and a number of officers and soldiers were sunstruck from exposure to a peculiar hot wind that swept over the entrenchments and produced many fatal cases of apoplexy. The only time and manner of burying the dead was at night and by means of throwing the bodies into a well outside the entrenchments, near the incompleted barracks.

The living could offer no consolation to the dying nor to each other. The bodies of those killed through the day were placed outside the verandahs among the ruins, to remain festering in the sun until the fatigue party went out at night to cast them into the well.

The Sepoys proved how well they had been trained by their European officers. They manned their guns well, and seemed to understand, from the first, all the weak points in the defences. In the course of a week they began firing hot shot with the purpose of firing the tents of the officers in the compound and the thatched barracks, which had been so hastily covered with tiles, that it was not proof against fire. This compelled the striking of the tents, after several had been burnt, and in the afternoon of June 13th, the barracks took fire from the hot shells.

A scene of distress and anguish followed. All the wounded and sick were in it, besides the families of the soldiers and drummers. The fire caught upon the south side, and fanned by a strong breeze, spread with such rapidity, that only with the greatest difficulty were the women and children removed. Over forty sick and wounded were left behind, and every one burned to death.

The terrible fate of these, after all, was a merciful one, for had they escaped it would have been only to drag on through days of suffering and torture, with a dreary, painful death at the end; but the scene was none the less horrible, and struck terror into the hearts of all who were compelled to witness without the power to avert it. The most serious result of this deplorable catastrophe was the burning of the stock of medicine, only a couple of boxes of surgical instruments and a small chest of drugs being saved. This latter was used up in a short time, and none then could be obtained for those who were stricken down with sickness.

At this time the forces of Nana Sahib numbered about four thousand, and was steadily reinforced from the surrounding country, until it was believed that they were powerful enough to take the place by storm. Had the Sepoys possessed an ordinary amount of daring, there is no question but what this could have been done.

The defenders although small in numbers, were each provided with half a dozen muskets, always standing against the wall, within easy reach, besides a number of extra swords and bayonets. The Sepoys made several movements towards a charge, but in every case the murderous fire of the artillery broke their ranks, and caused them to scatter in confusion.

As a consequence, and as preliminary to a final assault, they directed their cannon against Wheeler's guns, in the hope of silencing them. They trained their own so well, that out of eight belonging to the English, six were disabled; but the calamity was concealed so well, that the wretches did not suspect the damage which had been inflicted.

On the morning of the 21st, a motley multitude gathered in front of the entrenchments; their costumes were of every description, it being the practice of the regular corps of infantry never to fight in full dress, and a large number of the Oude soldiery had joined them. It was their purpose to make the final and decisive attack on this day, the newly appointed subahdar-major of the 1st native infantry having sworn upon the Gunga-jull to capture the English or die in the attempt.

Large bales of cotton were placed in front of the mutineers, and crouching behind them, they were shoved carefully along toward the entrenchments, the assailants continually firing, and sheltering themselves from the return fire of the defenders; while this attack was being made toward the southeast side from the church, the three new barracks were filled with half a thousand men, who did their utmost to drive out the English. At this critical juncture, Captain Moore appeared with his revolver in one hand, and his wounded arm in a sling hanging from his neck.

Arranging with the battery to send grape from the southwest corner, he took twenty-five men from the entrenchments, and advancing under cover of No. 5 barrack, he sent a number of volleys, then rushing behind No. 4 barrack he succeeded in driving all the mutineers out of Nos. 1 and 2, where a few rounds of canister routed them, killing nearly forty of their number. While this was going on, a hundred of their comrades, under cover of the cotton bales, had approached within a hundred and fifty yards of the entrenchment, and with a shout, the insurgents in the rear leaped off the compound walls and charged forward, led by the subahdar-major, who had sworn so solemnly that on this day all the defenders should die.

The first volley of musketry killed him and a number of others, and a few rounds of canister quickly caused the whole force to break and scatter in confusion. About the same time an attack upon the northeast corner of the entrenchment was also frustrated.

At noon one of the ammunition wagons in this part of the defences was struck by several hot shot, and while it was in flames the batteries from the artillery barracks and the tank directed all their guns toward it. Nearly every artillerymen was killed or wounded, the soldiers were exhausted, and the destruction of all the other wagons seemed inevitable.

In this desperate emergency, Lieutenant Delafosse, of the 53d native infantry, ran forward, and crawling under the burning wagon, tore away all the splinters and loose portions upon which he could lay his hands, and threw earth upon the blaze. Two soldiers soon joined him with buckets of water, and amid the terrific cannonade the fire was extinguished.

By this time the barracks were so torn and riddled as scarcely to afford the least shelter, yet the greater number preferred to remain here rather than expose themselves to the fervid rays of the sun on the outside. Many dug holes under the walls of the entrenchments, and covered themselves with boxes, cots, and whatever would keep off the deadly sunlight. In these holes numbers died from apoplexy and the effects of the heat, and as the shells fell unremittingly throughout the day and the greater portion of the night, there seemed to be lacking no element to make the situation of the brave defenders of Cawnpoor as distressing as it is possible for mind to conceive.

The stench from the dead bodies of horses and animals that could not be removed, the swarms of loathsome flies that were everywhere, the difficulty of cooking food, the sweltering heat, united with the greater terror of capture, caused many to pray that they might be struck by some of the flying balls, and their miseries ended at once.

Quite a number professed to believe that they could find greater security in the town of Cawnpoor, and they left the entrenchments for the purpose of going into the city. Every one who made the attempt was captured and killed by the mutineers.

Thus matters stood upon the 22d of June, 1857, when on the evening of this day Dowlah, the Snake-Charmer, conducted Cora Wilson into the entrenchments around Cawnpoor.

CHAPTER XIII.

By starlight and moonlight
He seeks the Britons' camp;
He hears the rustling flag
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.
—*Finch.*

Cora Wilson stood for several minutes looking around upon this scene of wretchedness and misery, her guide at her side as motionless and apparently unmoved as a block of wood; then, judging that she had seen enough, he said:

"Go with me to the general's headquarters."

She followed him across the open space for a distance of several rods, during which they came in contact with a number of men and women, and Cora peered inquiringly into their faces in the hope of recognizing the friends for whom she had risked so much and to see whom she had come so many thousand miles; but the faces in every case were those of strangers, and she heard no mention even of their names. They entered a portion of a dilapidated structure, where a light was burning, and the next moment Cora found herself in the presence of Major General Sir Hugh Massey Wheeler, K. C. B., who, seated in his shirt-sleeves and with two of his officers, was evidently consulting about some military movement.

All three rose and saluted the lady as she entered. Dowlah introduced her in a few brief words, stating that she was an American lady who desired to come within the entrenchments to look after some friends. A campstool was offered Cora, and after being seated the General proceeded to question her.

"You have made a singular journey from Calcutta," said he, when she had concluded, "and it is almost incomprehensible how you could have traveled so great a distance in safety. You will understand me, Miss Wilson, when I tell you that I am heartily sorry you have come."

"You cannot regret it more than I do myself, but I had no thought of the great danger until I had come so far that it was too late for me to retreat."

"It is a pity that your escort did not stop at Allahabad, where General Havelock could have given you protection. It is but a short distance from here, and you must have passed very near it. Indeed, you have been in the immediate vicinity of a number of military stations where you would have been safe. Of course, it was impossible to retrace your route to Calcutta through the mutineers' districts without a powerful military escort, but this is the last place in the world to which you should have ventured.

"Are you then without hope?" Cora ventured to ask.

"Almost; we can hold out but a short time longer. I am afraid that General Havelock will find it impossible to reach us in time. If I could only be assured that the women and children would receive considerate treatment at the hands of Nana Sahib, I would surrender to-night. However, this may look like a heartless welcome to you, and it is scarcely worth while to dwell further upon it. The colonel here will assign you to the best quarters that we have; a portion of my own family are, unfortunately here, and you may share their privations and distress, for it would be idle to term it anything else."

"I am exceedingly grateful for your consideration," said Cora, much impressed with the high-bred courtesy of the officer, "but before I go, I ask the liberty of receiving some information."

"We shall be happy to grant it, if in our power."

"Are you acquainted with, or do you know anything of a missionary named George Dickson?"

Instead of making a direct reply to this question, General Wheeler turned to the officer sitting near, and signified, by his look, that he desired him to answer. The latter did so, in a low but unhesitating voice:

"We know Mr. Dickson well—indeed there are few, if any in the entrenchments, who did not know and love him and his estimable wife. They came here with us three weeks ago, with their infant child, which died and was buried ten days later. Some days since the good missionary was shot dead while fighting manfully with the soldiers, and all felt that it was a merciful dispensation of Providence that his wife was

killed by his side, almost at the same instant."

Poor Cora sat as white as death, the words sounding in her ears like those which came to her in dreams. Husband, wife and child—all dead; it seemed impossible to realize it for a time.

She did not swoon away, nor did she scream or moan; she did not shed a tear even, for she could not have wept had her life depended upon it, yet she fully comprehended the awful intelligence which had just fallen from the lips of the officer.

They seemed to appreciate the import of the woeful tidings, and the man who had spoken arose, saying, with stifled voice:

"This is hardly the place for a lady like you. We are discussing important military matters, and, with your permission, I will escort you to your quarters."

"I thank you, sir; but I suppose Dowlah can do that, as he seems to be perfectly familiar with everything, and I see you are much needed."

Cora turned as she spoke, expecting to see the swarthy-faced Sepoy standing near her, and the officer smiled, as he replied:

"You had scarcely entered when he slipped out. He is a strange being; Nana Sahib considers him the best spy in his service."

"And yet you permit him to be here?" exclaimed the young lady, in amazement, after acknowledging the salute of General Wheeler and the others, as she passed out under charge of her escort. "I do not understand——"

"No, I suppose not," said the other, in a quiet way, "and if it were customary for men in my position to tell secrets, I could reveal something to you that would astonish you much more. You may learn some day what I mean. I cannot make out how it is that he, of all others, should have brought you into the entrenchments. He is the last man in the world that I would have suspected—but he has done it, nevertheless. Have you seen any of the serpents he carries with him?"

"Mercy! no. I knew that he professed to be a snake-charmer, but I did not suppose he carried them with him."

"I never knew him to be without any; I'll wager that he has three or four about him now, if he could be found."

"Where is he?"

"He may be in the tent of Nana Sahib, or he may be on the other side of the Ganges, or aiming for Lucknow or Delhi. There is no saying; and it is as likely as not that you will never see him again."

"He is a strange creature, indeed!"

"Yes; and I am not entirely satisfied with him. I am afraid, if the truth was known, he would not be permitted such free ingress and egress, but—why talk of such things to you?" suddenly demanded the officer, as if he would reprove himself for his oversight. "You have nothing to do with such matters, and they can only perplex you when referred to in the manner which I am compelled to follow—but here I believe is the best place we have at our disposal, and I will bid you good night."

"Good night! aye, it may be good-bye forever," said Cora, as she thought of her dead friends—and to-morrow——

CHAPTER XIV.

"There are scenes from life's fair morning
That come like the break of day,
Or a beautiful landscape's dawning,
When the mists have cleared away."

No pen can picture in true colors the three weeks spent in the entrenchments by the defenders of Cawnpoor. Thirst, hunger and sickness, death, in its most repulsive form, a furnace-like fervor of heat, sulphurous smoke, that settled like a cloud over the seemingly doomed Europeans, the ripping crash of shot and shell, the blood-curdling yells of the murderous Sepoys, the incessant effort necessary to prevent the spread of flames caused by the hot shot of the mutineers, and, above all, the gradual extinguishment of hope, and the growing conviction that all this was to be in vain, and that these swarthy fiends were to triumph in the end—these horrors marked the despairing defence of that little band against Nana Sahib, one of the greatest monsters of cruelty that has ever been known.

Driven to desperation, every expedient was resorted to that afforded any prospect of relief. W. J. Shepherd, of the Commissariat Department, who possessed an accurate knowledge of the habits and language of the natives, disguised himself as a cook of the mutineers, and left the entrenchments, with the intention of going to Lucknow in quest of assistance from Sir Henry Lawrence; but he was scarcely within the rebel lines, when he was taken prisoner, escorted to the camp of the Nana, and sentenced to be instantly shot.

Cora Wilson, surrounded by women and children, some sleeping, others moaning, and several in the throes of death, with the thunder of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the shouts of the combatants in her ears, fell into a stupor which had more the appearance of death than sleep. She lay thus, in a sort of feverish dream, when at daybreak she was aroused by a commotion that convinced her on the instant that something unusual was going on. Like all the others she had lain down without removing her clothing, and as she dashed out into the open space, she felt a musket ball graze her forehead, and a lady directly behind her fell dead, killed by the same missile. Inquiring the cause of the unusual excitement, she was told that General Wheeler, at the head of part of his force, had started upon a sortie; indeed, had just passed outside the entrenchments, where shouts and firing told that they were engaged in a desperate fight.

Those remaining behind crept to different points, from which they could obtain a view of the fighting, and with the aid of their glasses watched the struggle with intensity of interest.

General Wheeler and his men charged across the plain from the entrenchments, with the impetuosity of so many famished tigers. Striking the Sepoys' lines, they scattered the panic-stricken wretches like so much chaff, and had they possessed cavalry, could have routed the entire force; but unable to retain the advantage gained, and being overwhelmingly outnumbered, they were compelled to fight their way back to the defences, when it was found that several men were killed and General Wheeler himself so seriously wounded that he was disabled from further service in the field.

A general impression now spread that this was the last, final effort—that nothing more could be done unless assistance speedily arrived.

There were eight hundred and seventy individuals within the entrenchments, during the siege which lasted twenty-two days; at the commencement, there were only two hundred and forty soldiers, and including civilians, native servants, and sick in the hospital, there were barely three hundred men. This handful was harassed and beleaguered for days and nights by a swarming multitude of ferocious Sepoys, outnumbering them twenty to one.

In one respect, Cora Wilson had a vast advantage over all the rest of her companions. They had already endured three weeks of utter misery and wretchedness, and were emaciated, weakened and despairing. She had been compelled to go through none of this, and was as yet in the full possession of her strength and health; with the fine feelings natural to her sex, she devoted herself at once to nursing and consoling those about her who needed attention, and by this means she diverted her mind from the magnitude of the other terrors—by which all were borne down.

This work soon produced a most depressing reaction; for, among all her patients and companions, few could be found who entertained any hope of escape. But there were instances of Christian heroism, such as glorified the lives of the early martyrs. Frail, delicate women, accustomed to quiet, ease and luxury, rose superior to their sufferings and confronted danger and death with the courage of the veteran soldiers. If they felt despair, there was a resignation with it, and no murmurings were heard at the dispensations of Providence, so inscrutable to many. Women who were suffering all the anguish of body conceivable, died with a smile upon their features.

In the moments when something like a lull occured, Cora could not but reflect upon the strange experience that had been hers during the last few weeks. Happy was she that her beloved parent could know nothing of the imminent peril in which she stood; but Captain Ned, her betrothed, where was he? was he still cruising down the coast towards Ceylon?

"No," she said, answering her own question, "he has had time to reach there, and he must have started on his return. Will he attempt to sail up the Ganges to our rescue? Alas! what can he do, when General Havelock, himself, but a few miles distant, cannot come to our relief? Dear Ned, if I could only see you once; ah! if I had but heeded your warnings when you pleaded so earnestly for me to wait in Calcutta until we could feel certain the way was clear. It is but a just punishment for my own rashness—but my heart yearns towards you, in this hour of darkness and gloom and despair. One word, one look, but to feel my hand resting upon your arm, as it did so many times when we walked the deck of the Nautilus—and then it seems I could die content; but it looks as if heaven had willed otherwise."

She did not dare to sit down and think upon the past, but kept herself as busy as possible, smoothing the pillows of the sick, and administering consolation to the dying.

More than once she heard herself shouted to by some of the soldiers, and warned excitedly away from where she was, lest she should be stricken down by the bullets of the mutineers. She could not refuse to heed these cautions, but save for the aid she was enabled to render to others, she cared very little whether she escaped or not.

She too began to share the feeling of resignation and despair, so general among the defenders. She knew that such perfidious wretches would stop at no outrage could they but secure the female captives, and, like all the others, preferred to meet death, no matter how great the anguish accompanying it, within the entrenchments, rather than to fall into the hands of the rebel hordes without.

Of Dowlah she saw nothing, as he remained outside the entrenchments. The Snake-Charmer had taken the pains to declare, that whatever he did for her was out of gratitude to Captain Livingston, and not on her account, and she concluded that the Sepoy, after conducting her within the entrenchments, had set that down as the completion of his contract.

She had carefully destroyed both notes received at the hands of this singular individual, for both were of the most compromising character, and if by any chance they should fall into the possession of Nana Sahib, the result would be very serious for him who had befriended her.

One cause for the general gloom within the entrenchments, was the wounding of General Wheeler; when it became known that his hurt was of such a character as to threaten his life and to prevent any further active service, it was accepted by many as an omen that all hope was at an end.

They had certainly done all that brave men could do to beat back their enemies, but all in vain.

And now one question was passed back and forth, until it was in the mouth of every one.

"Shall we surrender?"

At first no one dared to answer in the affirmative; but the question was repeated again and again, until the very bravest of the defenders admitted that it was all that was left them to do—but they might well ask in tones of terror:

"After the surrender, *what then?*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AFFECTIONS.—There is a famous passage in the writings of Rousseau, the great delineator of the human heart, which is as true to human nature as it is beautiful in expression: "Were I in a desert I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. If I could do no better, I would fasten them on some sweet myrtle, or some melancholy cypress, to connect myself to; I would court them for their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would write my name upon them, and declare that they were the sweetest trees throughout all the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced I would rejoice along with them." Such is the absolute necessity which exists in the human heart of having something to love. Unless the affections have an object, life itself becomes joyless and insipid. The affections have this peculiarity, that they are not so much the means of happiness, as their exercise is happiness itself. And not only so, if they have no object, the happiness derived from our other powers is cut off.

IT is bliss to learn lessons in love, for woman is our teacher.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

HIDDEN RIVERS.

1. London is a large city.
2. He would win a prize.
3. Little eels are tender.
4. We will sever nothing.
5. A boy never ought to be idle.
6. This building underwent many changes.
7. Poland is no longer a kingdom.
8. Lo! I read your letter in an ecstacy.
9. Theodore brought me a pet pigeon.
10. Do it now or never.
11. He told me use was a second nature.
12. Tamar never cries.
13. We served them often.
14. Sambo, give me that stick.

LITTLE ONE.

ENIGMAS.

1.

I'm not in the brain, nor the soul, nor the heart;
Yet I bear in the mind a prominent part.
I'm found not in heaven, in earth, air nor hell;
Yet I burn in the flame and in Cherubim dwell.
I'm not in the sun, nor in clouds, skies nor stars;
Yet I take a bold front in the bright planet Mars.
I'm seen not in trees nor in flowers; and yet
I bloom in Magnolia and sweet Mignonette.
I'm never in water; yet, strange as it seems,
I'm always in lovely, meandering streams.
I belong not to land, lake, river nor city;
Yet, still, I am seen in the great Mississippi;
I'm not in the wind, nor in snow, hail nor rain;
Yet sound in the tempest, o'er ocean and main.
I march in the army—I rest in the camp;
Yet no officer I, nor soldier to tramp.
And now, if you would my identity find,
Seek me not in the world, but in your own mind.

2.

First find out a word which doth silence proclaim,
Which backwards and forwards is always the same.
Then next you must find out a feminine name,
Which backwards and forwards is always the same.
An act or a writing, on parchment, whose name,
Both backwards and forwards is always the same.
A fruit that is rare, whose botanical name
Read backwards and forwards is always the same.
A note used in music, which time doth proclaim,
And backwards and forwards is always the same,
Their initials connected a title will frame,
That is justly the due of a fair married dame,
Which backwards and forwards is always the same.

JANET.

CHARADE.

In a gilded saloon in a Western land,
Near the Mississippi's shore;
Two *first's* are sitting with cards in hand,
Playing for glittering ore.
An eager look is on each face
As each his chances reckon'd;
But the winner in that golden race
Was he who held my *second*.
My *whole* is a kind of habitation,
Used by those in a certain station;
'Tis not to be found in the Yankee nation!

GAHMER.

NUMBERED CHARADE.

I am composed of ten letters.
My 8, 9, 8 and 10 is a girl's nickname.
My 1, 2, 7, 7, 6, 8, 3, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.
My 1, 2, 5, 5, 7, 2, 7, 4, 10, is a country in Southern Africa.
My whole is one of the United States.

YOUNGSTER.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why should the stars be the best astronomers?
2. What kind of leather would a naked Moor remind you of?
3. What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it?
4. Why is fish peddling, morally considered, an objectionable business.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete, I'm a difficulty; beheaded, I'm a token of grief; again, I'm a useful seed; again, I am an animal; transposed, I am a vegetable.
2. Complete, I am a tree; beheaded, I am an animal.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A story that is told.
2. A country very old;
3. The covers of a chest,
4. The opposite of West.

FORT TOTTEN.

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 6, Vol. 54.

ENIGMAS.—1. Wrung from the Grave; or, The Stolen Heiress. 2. The fifty-fourth volume of the Saturday Evening Post.

CHARADES.—1. Infantry. 2. Cornelian.

WORD SQUARE:

H O P S
O D I N
P I S A
S N A F

DOUBLE REBUS:

1. S prin G
2. H um E
3. E de N
4. R om E
5. M arty R
6. A meric A
7. N ata L

BURIED TOWNS AND RIVERS.—1. Thebes. 2. Indus. 3. Cilly. 4. Irrawaddy. 5. Genoa. 6. Bug. 7. Pisa. 8. Po. 9. Rome. 10. Murray. 11. Easton. 12. Delaware.

RIDDLE.—Riddle.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE:

Fifty L
Naught O
Five V
I of "each" E

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 12.]

CAST OFF.

BY MRS. MARY E. SAIL.

I saw her, in her bridal robes,
The shimmering lace adorning,
She knew not that would love for him
Within my soul was burning.
She dreamed not that to my proud lips
Love's chalice he presented,
And though I dashed the wine away
I ever had repented.

I thought that he would plead again—
His wealth of love revealing;
And I would deign to smile on him—
My own deep love concealing.
He only said, "the wound to heal
Will be my soul's endeavor;
Remember, if we part to-night,
That it shall be forever."

Long years had passed, he did not come
One evening by the river,
I met a noble, manly form;
It was my absent lover.
No word of tenderness he spoke
To show a heart relenting,
When on my knees I wildly told
Him of my soul's repenting.

"You are too late," he coldly said;
"The truth I will not smother
The love that might have once been mine,
Is given to another!"
Now at my feet, the arrows fall
From love's immortal quiver,
Unloved, unsought, ah! woe is me,
I am cast off forever.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WORD OF WARNING.

Left to themselves, Herbert and Milly walked on for a while in silence.

He longed to speak some words of warning to her, and yet he hardly knew how to commence. He felt that she would turn upon him and accuse him of being the cause of any harm that might happen to her; and it was so difficult to answer her arguments under the circumstances. Milly's lips were petulant in the shadow of her gray hood, but her eyes were full of tears. Herbert glanced at her once, and it seemed to him then, in spite of himself, a hard fate, indeed, that things could not be as they once had been; and that, even in his thoughts of the past, there must be ever a keen regret.

They got to the end of the lane, still silent, and then Milly turned. They were close to her own home by this time; a few more steps would bring them within sight of the house. If, therefore, they were to speak at all, they must speak now.

"I can't think why you wanted to bring me home," said the girl, disdainfully; "Lord Oakland would only have been too glad to take your place."

"That is why I came," said Herbert, gravely; "otherwise I might not have risked getting you into disgrace with your father."

"I am sure you are very considerate all of a sudden; you are coming out in quite a new character. I can remember the time——"

"Oh, Milly!" he interrupted, quickly, "what is the use of thinking of the past?"

"The present is so very delightful," she answered, in anger and scorn, "so charming and peaceful and pleasant! Your advice is excellent, and I will try and follow it; only," and here her voice broke down a little, "unfortunately for me, I am not so easily pleased as most people."

"Then you must be changed, Milly. You used to have such a very contented disposition."

"It is not difficult to be contented when you are so happy," sighed the girl.

"And you will try and be happy again, Milly?"

She shook her head.

"Nay, how can you know until you try? You don't set the right way to work."

"Which is the right way?"

"May I speak out?"

"If you like."

"To indulge in dangerous coquettries is to injure your reputation, ruin your peace of mind, and weaken your self-control."

"You speak like a book," said Milly, scornfully; "where did you get all that?"

"It came both from my head and my heart."

"I begin to doubt if you have a heart."

"I hope not, Milly."

"I don't see why I should be expected to give you credit for one, after your conduct to me," said Milly, resentfully.

"Dear Milly!" he said, in a brotherly voice, "I must always love you—always have your true interests at heart; and, believe me, you have everything to lose, and nothing to gain by encouraging Lord Oakland."

"I do not encourage Lord Oakland."

"It looked like it to-day."

"He met me in the lane, and offered to carry my basket. What could I do?"

"You might have refused."

"I did not wish to appear uncivil."

"You would rather have appeared light and frivolous, I suppose?"

Milly turned upon him with a face flaming with anger.

"How dare you speak to me in that way? I shall walk with just who I like, whether you like it or not. I don't consider that you have the smallest right now to interfere with me, or my actions."

"Only this," he answered, in a stifled voice; "that if any harm were to happen to you, I must either go mad, or die."

Her face suddenly softened, and she looked up at him lovingly.

"You do love me still, Herbert?"

"As a dear sister."

The softness died out, and her eyes began to fire again.

"I am very much obliged to you for your brotherly affection. I know I ought to be honored, and so on; but, somehow, I don't seem to care for it. It may be because we were once so much more to each other."

Here her voice faltered; but she went on, almost fiercely:

"You spoil my life; you make the days a burden to me; and then, suddenly, you offer me your brotherly love as a compensation—and I—I refuse it!"

"It is all I ought to give now."

"Then why give me anything?"

"Because I might be of use to you if you would take that, Milly, and try to look upon me as a brother and a friend."

"I can take care of myself."

"You are very young to stand alone."

"It is never too early to begin to learn a lesson which will have to last you your whole life."

"Nay, Milly; I shall see you a happy wife and mother some day."

Milly grew white to her very lips.

"You insult me!" she said, in a stifled voice; "you have no right to say such things to me!"

"I meant well, Milly. I spoke from the earnest wish I had that my words might come true."

"You misjudge me altogether, it seems. I certainly allowed Lord Oakland to come a little way with me, but only because I wanted you to see that others admired me, if you did not."

"And you thought to make me jealous?"

Her silence gave assent.

"Ah!" he murmured, compassionately, "it is cruelly hard—bitterly unkind! There is no other alternative left me now, I fear."

He was speaking aloud, but to himself. Milly's stare recalled him to himself.

"You said you should hate me if I disgraced myself, Milly; did you not?"

"I did."

"Is that the only thing that could wean your heart from me?"

She was only an innocent child, candid, tender and confiding. It had always seemed to her that there could be no shame in confessing an honest love, and her frankness had once been so sweet to Herbert that he had done his best to encourage it. Of course, she could see no real difference in their relations—no actual reason why she should try to appear altered; and, consequently, she spoke as she would have spoken weeks back—with perfect unreserve.

"It is the only thing that would make me love you less. And, if you are to be so cold and strange, Herbert, I could wish you would teach me to hate you, and that soon; for I suffer——"

"Milly, you shall have your wish," he answered, resolutely but reluctantly; and turned as if to leave her.

"Where are you going?—what are you going to do?"

She seized his arm as she spoke, and looked at him with dim, imploring eyes.

"Milly, I am going to find you a cure for your sufferings."

"I would rather suffer than that you should do what was wrong."

"You said not."

"I was mad and miserable, Herbert. If I have done anything, said anything, that could have changed you, forgive me, and take me back to your heart. I cannot live so; I shall pine away before your very eyes, unless you take compassion on me. I am growing so thin and pale, every one notices it; and, if I smile sometimes, it is only because people shall not call me a poor love-sick girl. But I can't hide it from you, Herbert. Do have pity on me, for I am sick of sorrow!"

She threw herself upon him, and he tottered under her light weight as if it had been the blow of some powerful adversary. Assuredly, if he had had his choice, he would rather have received that blow from an enemy than the entreating caress of Milly's slender arms.

She waited for some response to her appeal; and when none came—when Herbert, his head averted, refused to look at her—she withdrew herself slowly, and said, in a tone of passionate resentment:

"Now I see that you do not really love me; and, therefore, the kindest thing you can do is to leave me."

"You will thank me for this a little later."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, vehemently; "never! My life cannot be the same again."

"It may be better."

"I have been perfectly happy; what more could I have or want?"

"You will be perfectly happy again."

"You are only mocking me, Herbert. You know that that is not true."

"Now—but I am speaking of the future."

"And so am I. People do not forget so easily as you seem to think."

"I wish I did think so, Milly. My heart would not ache so sadly, then."

"But what have I done?" she murmured, faintly, her pride evaporating again. "You cast me off, but you never tell me why."

"Only because it is right, Milly."

"Why is it right?"

"Your father objects," he answered, evasively.

"He objected before, but that made no difference; you loved me all the same."

"Perhaps I have grown wiser now."

"Or more mercenary—which?" she said, looking at him defiantly.

"What do you mean?"

"My father refused to give me any fortune if I married you."

"This threat was not needed. The marriage was utterly impossible, under any circumstances."

"When you have told me why, I will believe you."

"In mercy to yourself, Milly, do not tempt me to speak such painful words. You suffer far less now than you would suffer then."

"Is it such a terrible secret?"

"The horror of it has well-nigh killed me!"

"This is a mere tale to quiet me, and excuse your own faithlessness. I will not believe that the marriage which was possible a month back, should be impossible now."

"I tell you that I have learnt something since then."

"You have learnt that I am not to have any money?"

"No."

"What was it, then? I will not move from here until you tell me."

"Alas! you demand of me what I dare not do. If your mother were alive, Milly, she would tell you, and comfort you, even whilst asking your pardon for the sin that she had committed against you by allowing you to remain ignorant so long."

"It can't be anything that I ever did."

If she would only understand, only be convinced! Milly was so quick, generally, and seemed to know things by intuition, without needing any explanation; and now, suddenly, when he would have given so much if she could only have guessed something near the truth, she seemed to have grown suddenly obtuse.

"Milly," he went on, with a kind of painful desperation, finding that his vague hint was unheeded, "will you be my sister—my dear sister?"

"No!" she answered, firmly and scornfully.

"Why not?"

"Because I love the truth, and I will not even act a lie!"

What could he say to such a brave, faithful creature?

Nothing. He lowered his head in the agonies of such a struggle as few of us ever know.

"Milly," he said, when he could speak, "you shall be cured; I promise you that. Go home, and sleep peacefully; and, whilst I am sinning for your sake, be a little merciful, and remember me in your prayers."

In the dim light, Milly saw the stern pallor of the lips that had spoken these words, and guessed that Herbert Benson was about to make a terrible sacrifice for her sake.

She had almost decided to call him back; but, at this minute, Tommy Wilson darted up to her with a strange cry of triumph, and held up before her eyes, in passionate exultation, the very ribbon Lord Oakland had taken from her unwilling hand at old Nanny's door.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RAW RECRUIT IN CRIME.

Beyond Lansdown Wood, on the outskirts of the parish, there was a wild, desolate-looking spot, which was called the Marshes.

The soil was boggy and unproductive, and a large common enclosed it in on two sides; whilst a few low, rocky hills shut out the rising sun and the soft southerly winds.

Here, as a rule, you might find a gipsy encampment, with its red fire speeking the night gloom, and weird shadows moving across it, and flitting away into the deeper darkness beyond. Here, too, now and then, a thief would lie in ambush.

Lansdown and the adjoining parishes were full of poachers. Old Mark was their recognized head, and two or three times, in the course of the shooting season, they all collected together for a regular raid on the pheasants and partridges in the preserves about.

Mark Greysome knew the woods by heart, and could lead them by the shortest road to the very centre. He also knew where they might hope to find game, and showed himself well fitted for the post of command, by the skillful way in which he managed his little army of raw recruits. It seemed as if luck favored the poachers to-night. There was just moon enough to see your way, without being very light; and, from all accounts, there was no reason to suspect that the keepers had gained any inkling of their intentions, or were likely to be on the watch.

Old Mark's spirits began to rise.

Their place of meeting was a gray, tottering ruin, on the outskirts of the wood. It had formerly been a castle; but very little of it was left now to whisper of former pride and magnificence; and in the banqueting-hall, where grand nobles and fair ladies had once feasted right royally, a set of lawless men were collected together, eager for adventure, and lusting after gain.

Mark Greysome standing in the midst of them, with his hoary head uncovered, looked like one of Rembrandt's portraits. You could see his face but dimly; only the sparkle of his keen eye, under the shaggy brows, gave a fire and quaintness to its expression, and seemed to account for the influence he undoubtedly possessed over his rough band.

He examined the group of men curiously.

"Are you there, Barton?"

"Ay, ay."

"And Stephen Miles?"

No reply.

"Isn't he come, Barton?"

"His wife persuaded him to stay away."

There was a faint titter at this.

"He's new married, I expect," said old Mark, cynically.

"He said, last year, he wouldn't have no more of it, if Martha May took him."

"And she did?"

"They was married in the spring, and he says he's a right happier so."

"He'll change his tune by-and-by, however. Joe Lay isn't here, is he?"

"Not he."

"And no loss, neither. When he's out, something is sure to go wrong."

"Folks do say he had a deal to do with Flax disappearing so sudden."

Old Mark felt a chill of terror on him, as he replied, as unconcernedly as he could. "There's always some foolish tale about. I dare say Flax will turn up all right one of these days. You can't wonder at a man's running away when he has a vixen for a wife."

"Mary Flax isn't a vixen," said a voice from the edge of the group. "I wish half the women had her sense."

"Oh, then, it's you, is it, Joe Lay?"

"Yes, it's me," was the reply, in a sullen tone of voice. "You don't speak as if I was very welcome, Mark."

"I won't tell you no stories; you aren't welcome."

"How comes that?"

"There isn't much occasion to ask such a question, I think."

"Yes, there is," said Joe, defiantly.

"But I can take my choice about answering it."

"Perhaps you would rather not," replied Joe, in a tone of sullen menace.

A slight shiver passed through old Mark's frame. Suddenly, vividly there rose up before him the recollection of the dream he had dreamt the night of Flax's cruel end.

"You are a miserable coward!" he exclaimed, turning fiercely upon Joe. "When I do ill, I take the blame upon myself, and don't try to get innocent folks in."

"Then that's where we differ, you see. I like company everywhere. If I was to go to prison, I wouldn't go alone."

"You hear that, mates?" said the old man, in a stifled voice. "We've got an informer amongst us."

There was a deep growl of resentment and suppressed rage, and all eyes were turned, flashing, upon Joe Lay. The man stood his ground boldly.

"I never said I meant to inform, and I wasn't thinking of poaching at all. Old Mark knows my meaning, only he's got a spite against me, and turns things ill on purpose. When folks swim together they ought to sink together."

"Yes, if they are all guilty alike; but not otherwise. A man has no right to suffer for what he never did."

"I'd stick by a friend when he was in trouble."

"Not you," answered old Mark, contemptuously. "Didn't you leave me and Nat in the lurch the other night, in Lansdown Wood?"

"We was only hindering each other," stammered Joe.

"I'll be bound all you thought of was to save yourself, Joe Lay. I told you then, and I tell you again now, we don't want a sneak among us, and the sooner you make yourself scarce among us the better."

Joe's face blanched.

"You'll repent this," he said, doubling his fist, menacingly. "There's such a thing as two folks rowing in one boat,

and one sinking and the other swimming. I have heard of the like; and if you haven't, you may, Master Greysonne; and with that I'll wish you good night."

So saying, he stalked away out into the shadowy plantation, where, maybe, each bush he passed rose up before him with the ghastly outline and accusing eyes of the unfortunate man who sleeps so quietly under Lansdown Point.

A sombre silence fell on the group after he was gone. Old Mark was the first to break it by a little forced laugh. "The fellow threatens well," he said; "but the barking dogs don't bite. Barton, look out; there is some one coming."

"Where from?"

"From the wood."

Every eye was turned in that direction, and each man hushed his breath, and became suddenly as motionless as a figure turned to stone.

The new comer advanced boldly. He came into the very midst of them, and then old Mark recognized Herbert Benson.

Still he did not speak, fearful of betraying his identity, but remained with his head bent down, and his handkerchief before his face.

There was another minute of this intense silence, and then Herbert said, gravely, and with evident reluctance:

"Mark, I want to become one of you!"

Mark, put off his guard by the rasiness of the joke, burst into a hearty laugh.

"Bless me, Master Herbert, that's a fine notion, too."

"I am quite in earnest. I wish to join your band."

"Stop, Master Herbert—what for?"

Herbert choked down something very like a sob. "Because it is necessary."

"Necessary you should become a poacher?"

"Yes, unfortunately."

The old man seemed fairly puzzled.

"I can't understand you, Master Herbert; and, though I don't believe as poaching is much harm, you have no business here."

"I will take any oath you require."

"We don't take no oath; it's just amongst ourselves, you see; and those we can't trust, we must get rid of."

"You can trust me," was Herbert's reply, in a grave, sorrowful voice; "and, moreover, I fancy you will find me a valuable ally, for I mean to beg, as a particular favor, that I may go first when the danger is in front, and last when the danger is behind."

"Are you tired of your life, then?"

"Almost."

Old Mark was silent, reflecting.

"It's odd, too. You never had such a fancy as that before."

"No."

"And what would Mr. Benson say?"

"I don't mean to ask him."

"But he may find out."

"That I expect," answered Herbert, with a peculiar smile the dim light failed to show.

"And you mean to brave his anger?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you over venturesome, Master Herbert?"

"I shouldn't expect you to blame me if I were."

"Look here, Master Herbert, we're rough and unlettered, all of us and what we do isn't of much account; but you are different."

"Why am I different?"

"Because you've had the education of a gentleman, and know what's what."

"All you say only makes me more determined."

"Then you have quite made up your mind?"

"Quite."

"Well, we'll put it to the vote, mates, Who objects to Master Herbert Benson as one of us?"

"I object to *Master* Herbert Benson," said Barton, sturdily; "but I have no objection to Herbert Benson. If we are mates, let us be mates."

Herbert winced a little. He had been above these men before; now he was about to sink to their level. No wonder that he felt, for a minute, as if the sacrifice he demanded of himself were almost impossible.

"Oh, Milly!" he said, in his secret heart, with a wild passion of regret; "if you only knew! It is so easy to be honest; so terribly hard to be a rogue!"

Old Mark's voice broke in upon his reverie, abruptly.

"Look here," he said; "if you are making up your mind to this in a hurry, out of spite, or any other feeling, my advice to you is to think it over a bit before you decide. Perhaps things may come right where they was wrong, and then you'd be sorry you hadn't waited."

"No, I'd rather join you to-night."

"Very well, then," replied Old Mark, abruptly; "don't let us stand parleying any longer. Let us start."

"Where are we going?"

"Through Lansdown Wood first."

"Do you think the keepers are out?"

"Barton says so, but I have heard no sign."

"You wouldn't until they were up with you, I expect."

"We generally have a pretty good idea when they are after us. One of them has a dog."

"But Lawrence wouldn't be likely to bring him out again, I should fancy," Nat remarked. "If it hadn't been for him we should have been caught last time, for a certainty."

"And he lamed you for a couple of days, anyhow," said Old Mark.

"Which was better than being caught, father. And no one was a bit the wiser for my misfortune."

"No; you managed it well; I will say that for you, Nat. Your lameness went off very sudden when any one came in sight. Did you hear of Mr. Carthen's offer, lads?" added old Mark, turning to the others. "He wanted to take my Nat, here, and make what he called an honest lad of him."

"And what did you say?" Barton asked.

"I said we wouldn't be parted, after living and working all these years together. I think the boy had a hankering after it, too, by his face."

"No!" answered Nat, so resolutely, that only Herbert perceived a soft undertone of regret and sadness, as if Nat had certain aspirations of which his father knew nothing. "I'll hold by you, father, to the end."

"Till I'm laid underground. That is right, lad."

Assuredly, no one could deny that these two, whatever might be the errors of their life, were truly attached to each other, and that if Nat were making a sacrifice, he made it bravely.

"Now, then," exclaimed old Mark, eagerly; "are you ready, mates?"

The men muttered assent.

"If you will keep quite mum, I will show you how it is done, Master Herbert," he added. "I flatter myself there isn't a man in all Lansdown cleverer at that kind of thing than I am. We ought to have a pretty bag before dawn. Nat's laid a good lot of snares in the wood, and it's a-swarming alive with game. Mr. Carthen has gone a courting, and doesn't meddle much with the pheasants and hares."

"All the better for us," said Barton.

"Ay; only we must make hay whilst the sun shines. After courting comes matrimony, and then the Squire won't humor us so much, you may be sure."

Herbert was so have had the post of honor at old Mark's side; but somehow he lingered a little in his reluctance to the enterprise, and found himself last.

The shadowy procession, silent as the grave now, passed into the wood, and the pressure of their feet on the rotten leaves and sere underwood sent a rustle as of a sharp wind through the gloom.

Herbert paused one minute under a giant elm, and as he passed, a strange figure, lying along one of the branches, swooped down like some bird of prey over its victim, and a long, bony hand clutched at his throat eagerly.

Old Mark, looking back, missed him, and sent a soft whisper down the ranks:

"Where is Master Herbert?"

"Coming," said Herbert, and with one stride he was out of reach of the evil hand, which, having missed its prey, moved in the air ruefully for a minute, and drew back, baffled.

But, absorbed in his own sorrowful thoughts, Herbert did not even guess that old Mark's whisper had stood between him and certain death.

CHAPTER XX.

TREACHERY.

Lady Clementina was one of those women who, if never tempted, make very respectable members of society, and are even regarded, by those who look on the surface only, as of average goodness and amiability. In reality, she had a hard heart, and cruel, unscrupulous nature; but, as Lady Clementina Dacre, she never yet had any of those trials which demonstrate the existence of these bad qualities, and might have gone down to her grave honored if not beloved, had it not been for the fatal passion Mr. Carthen had excited in her breast. To see Lina, whom she regarded as an insignificant school-girl, preferred to herself; to know that her love was known and commented on in her own family, seemed to rouse all the evil passions that had hitherto lain dormant, and convert the cold, placid, haughty Clementina into a perfect fury. Often, when the rest of the household were sleeping quietly, she, in past days the first to retire, would be pacing her room up and down, up and down, until the gray dawn stole in through the lace curtains, making the pallid face yet more pallid, and giving the heavy eyes an expression of more intense weariness. And, Lady Clementina began to alter sadly.

She was conscious of this herself—how could she help being? She began to look haggard, even old; and Lord Dacre would wonder often to her face, what could have brought this change.

"It is nothing," Lady Clementina would say, always avoiding Lina's tender glances of inquiry, and steeling herself against the advances the poor child timidly tried.

Day by day the alteration grew more perceptible. Lady Clementina's very lips had lost their color, and her figure had wasted so terribly, that Wilfred declared it was like an hour-glass, and begged her not to stoop lest she should break in two.

The young man meant nothing by this mockery, but Lady Clementina treasured up every jest, that she might repeat them when he was in trouble himself, as she hoped he would be before long.

Once, when Wilfred stole out in the evening, and hurried down to the farm, in the hopes of seeing Milly, Lady Clementina was behind him; and, having satisfied herself where he was gone, crept home again in triumph. If, she had waited, she would have known that poor Wilfred, infatuated now, had only gone to see the light in Milly's window, and, maybe, if he were fortunate, her slender shadow on the blind. She never expected that Wilfred, passionate and impetuous by nature, would be satisfied with so little; and she pictured them in the midst of a very tender scene as she went home.

Her brain was full of schemes of vengeance. Should she go at once and warn Lord Dacre, and write an anonymous letter to Herbert Benson? No; rather wait until there was more to tell—until her vengeance would fall sharper and clearer. She would have patience here—but Lina? She heard her voice as she entered, singing one of the simple ballads Mr. Carthen loved; and she knew, by instinct, that he was there, listening and watching the singer's face with those deep, loving eyes of his, which told his secret so plainly.

"Oh, if I had but Samson's strength," she thought to herself. "If I might go in there, and holding the pillars that support the roof above their heads, drag it down upon them, and crush them as they sit fawning into each other's eyes, how willingly would I perish too, for the sake of vengeance! Her voice sickens me; I dare not trust myself by them until she has done. I sing a thousand times better than she does, and yet he never cares to listen to me."

Arrived in her own chamber, Lady Clementina repaired the disorder of her toilette, and was thankful to see that her hurried walk had brought a beautiful bloom to her cheek and a brightness to her heavy eyes.

She placed a crimson rose among the masses of her black hair, and went down, conscious of looking her best, and anxious that Mr. Carthen should notice it, too.

Lina had done singing now, and was sitting at the centre table, turning over a book of prints. Lord and Lady Dacre were playing piquet; Mr. Carthen, close at Lina's elbow, looked over the page with her; and his hand, in turning the leaves, lingered near her's, and once pressed gently the slender fingers, which trembled a little, but did not move. Lady Clementina's jealous eyes saw all this; they also saw that although Mr. Carthen rose courteously as she approached, and offered her his chair, his glance was never once lifted to her face. She sat down where he had sat. Mr. Carthen, on pretence of finding another chair, got round to the other side, and there stayed. The action was natural enough. He preferred to be at Lina's side rather than her's, and there certainly could be no harm in gratifying this fancy; but to Lady Clementina, watchful and on the alert, this seemed like an insult.

She bowed her head on her bosom, speechless with sorrow and rage. When she looked up again, Mr. Carthen and Lina were again bending over the prints together, as absorbed in each other as if they had forgotten her very existence.

The bitterness in her heart rose to Lady Clementina's lips.

"Lina!" she said, sharply; "that book is mine, and you know I value it!"

At this, so imperious and discourteous to Mr. Carthen, Lina turned and looked at her sister in pained surprise; but Mr. Carthen was the one to speak.

"Lady Clementina, it was entirely my fault; I opened the book and invited Lina to come and look at it with me."

"You have forgotten her title, I fancy," dropped scornfully from Lady Clementina's lips.

"I presumed on our long intimacy, you see. What does *Lady* Lina say to the amendment?"

"That it is no amendment at all," replied the girl. "When old friends are so scrupulous, I always fancy I must have hurt or offended them."

"You never could do that."

Unconsciously, his tone was significant, and his glance fell upon Lady Clementina, and in her bitterness Lady Clementina was actually undignified.

"That woman hates me," thought Mr. Carthen; "but why, I cannot tell. It is not possible that she should be jealous of Lina's conquest, and yet I can think of no other reason for her sudden animosity." Fortunately, Lina will not allow herself to be set against me; otherwise, I should be inclined to think that my cause was in danger."

He shut the book of prints and handed it to Lady Clementina, with a little bow that was full of suppressed disdain. Lady Clementina colored to her brows.

"I did not mean that," she stammered; "only Lina——"

"I told you it was entirely my fault, Lady Clementina."

"You did not know——"

"I imagined, of course, that it was put on the table for any one to look at who chose; and as Lady Lina and myself were anxious not to disturb Lord and Lady Dacre in the middle of their game, we came here."

"I should have thought the singing would have disturbed them more than anything."

"They were kind enough to say it did not. Lord Dacre even asked for one song more; although that might have been out of regard for my feelings, knowing that I wished for it."

"You would have us believe that you were very modest, sir."

"Your ladyship misunderstands me," he replied, with an affectation of formality to match her. "You know my natural character too well to make any pretence of this kind worth while."

"I cannot say that I have studied it sufficiently to be a judge."

"I never flattered myself that you had, but, being a very transparent individual, I thought it probable that I might have betrayed myself unconsciously, even to indifferent eyes. I don't pretend to be learned, Lady Clementina; I am just clever enough to know my own ignorance."

"But not clever enough," she answered, softly and delicately, "to know where real happiness is to be found."

"What do you mean?"

At this direct appeal, Lady Clementina felt the hot blood tingling to her very finger-ends, and yet the lips that framed her softly whispered answer were as white as death.

"I could tell you, but you would not heed!"

"Perhaps not. I should mistrust any one's interference in a matter of this kind."

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise, you would say."

"No; ignorance is not bliss—at least, not to my mind."

"One would think so,

"I wish you would explain your meaning, Lady Clementina," said Mr. Carthen, gravely; "I am not at all fond of being puzzled."

Lady Lina had strolled away toward the piano, and pretended to be examining some music. She knew her sister's secret now, and had resolved that, if it were necessary, she would sacrifice her own happiness entirely to give her peace.

She thought to propitiate her sister at this minute by leaving her alone with Mr. Carthen. She guessed the meaning of her bitter words, and understood that her presence in the drawing-room was an offence in itself.

It seemed hard that she must resign Mr. Carthen, for Lina loved him dearly—loved him with the whole strength of her warm heart.

"I suppose it must be," she thought; "but it is a cruel thing that having, as it were, the whole world to choose from, Clementina should want just the one I want. She will hate me so, too, if I do not give him up. I see how it must be. Even if he will not marry her, she won't expect me to be happy. I begin to wish I had never been born," sighed poor Lina. "I thought I was going to have such a beautiful life, and now Clementina—"

She was petulant, as youth is apt to be; but the true heroism of a noble nature, and all the resolution needed for a great sacrifice, was under this petulance, sanctifying it, at the same time that it showed how much of the child Lina was in her ways, although such a true woman at heart.

"You have not told me what you mean," Mr. Carthen persisted, as Lady Clementina continued silent.

"I thought it could hardly be necessary."

"I suppose I am very obtuse, for I do not the least understand your ladyship!"

"Some men would rather have a pretty doll for a wife, as there is no chance then of her rivalling her husband."

"Am I supposed to be one of those?"

"You are laying yourself open to the imputation."

"How?"

Lady Clementina did not answer in words; but her glance followed Lina to her corner and there stopped.

"You mean, then, that your sister is a pretty doll?"

His tone was so severe, his lips so stern, that Lady Clementina dared not say yes. So she was silent.

"You see how opinions differ," he went on. "I think her the most amiable and witty person I ever saw. As to her face, it beams with intelligence; and lovely as Lady Lina is, she has the precious art of making one admire her so much for her good qualities, that one forgets she is a beauty besides, until a stranger reminds one of the fact. A king might be proud of such a queen—the wisest man in the world might be happy with such a wife."

As he finished speaking, he gave Lady Clementina a swift glance that, in spite of himself, expressed reproach, and rising from his seat, strolled away to Lina's side.

"I suppose I mustn't ask you to sing again?" he said, bending his tall head that he might the better see the rising blush that was such a sweet and gracious token of his power.

"Oh, no, indeed, thank you. Papa and mamma have finished their game, I see; so, perhaps, you will excuse me. I have a terrible headache, and shall be better in bed. Good night."

She held out her hand, and he allowed himself to press it warmly, little divining how long it would be before those tremulous fingers would come again to the clasp of his—how long it would be before Lina could say to him softly, and with flushing cheeks, "Good night."

To Lady Clementina, in passing out, Mr. Carthen simply bowed. No sooner was he gone than, without a word, in a passion of haste, Lady Clementina swept off to her own room.

She dismissed her maid, sharply, and drawing up a writing table to the fire, placed an open letter before her, and began patiently and diligently to copy the characters and style of handwriting. The little clock on the mantel-piece tinkled musically eleven—twelve—one—two—three, and still Lady Clementina went on with her work.

She seemed satisfied, at last. Taking a clean, white sheet, she wrote a short note, referring, at every word, to the letter spread out above. When it was done, she examined it carefully and critically, and said to herself, with a cruel smile, "That is well. I defy any one to know that the writing is not her's. I think now my vengeance is sure. What is that?"

She gently unclosed the door, and looked out into the long corridor. Wilfred was coming slowly along to his own room. He did not see his sister, but she saw him—the pallid face, contracted brows, and gloomy, stern eyes—and said to herself, with a grim, internal laugh, as she closed the door ever so softly, and prepared for bed, "After all, I am not so unlucky as I thought. Let those beware who presume to treat me with ridicule or neglect."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ARTIST IN SALADS.

Towards the end of the last century France was not a healthy country for nobles. D'Albignac was seized with a desire to get out of France to live before he was seized with the necessity of staying at home to die. He crossed over to England, and found himself safe but penniless in London. He was one day loitering around a first-class tavern very hungry, and snuffing the rich odors from the kitchen for lunch. A company of gentlemen came in, took the box in which d'Albignac was sitting alone, and ordered dinner. The conversation among the gentlemen turned on salad, and while they bemoaned the incompetency of England to mix a genuine salad, they praised France for her salad-making art. It was the only accomplishment for which they had a good word for France. The people were not worth the valuable space they occupied on earth but for their salad-making. That alone redeemed the revolution-ridden country from utter reprobation. They wished they had a French salad-artist for that dinner. They would be happy. It was d'Albignac's cue. He joined in the conversation, with his peppery French accent, and volunteered to make the party a salad. His offer was gladly accepted. He gave private orders to the waiter, and produced a salad and enjoyed a dinner with the gentlemen.

The salad was a great success. Its effect was magnetic, intoxicating. The party were in raptures, and slapped the French artist on the back and wrung his hands with gratitude before dinner was over. During the happy meal d'Albignac told his new-found friends who he was, and hinted at his impecunious circumstances. They marvelled how such an artist could be starving. They forced upon him a five-pound note, and hurried away with tears in their eyes and visions of future salads teeming in their imaginations. A powdered footman tracked d'Albignac to his lodgings, and was the lackey of a splendid fortune. The successful artist rejoiced over his little fortune of five pounds, and did not permit the shadow of an inquiry where the next was to come from to darken his present fortune. The next day he received a note, embossed with ducal strawberry leaves, begging him to mix a salad in Grosvenor Square, and to name his fee. He went and made a salad that electrified London. It was a revelation to the great party that ate it, and exceedingly profitable to him. He now saw the way out of his financial difficulties. London held out a fortune to him, and he took London by the hand and rejoiced. He became the one salad artist of the metropolis.

In less than a week he was earning a magnificent income. He was known as "The Fashionable Salad Maker," and had orders every day, which he filled at fashionable terms. He set up a carriage, with a black footman, and made his calls with his case of condiments. When his patronage became so great that he could not attend to it all in person, he supplied cases of salad condiments, with instructions, at fabulous prices, and wealth flowed upon him in torrents. He gave lessons in the salad art, and did his best to divulge his secret for a corresponding return of the £ s. d. But there was one thing he could not teach—the mysterious methods of genius. He could not sell the soul of the salad maker, and did not stay in England long enough to inspire a successor. D'Albignac fully retrieved his lost fortunes, and when his country's troubles were over, he glided back across the channel.

CHILDREN.—In our early youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word and action. But when we enter the world, and are repulsed by strangers, forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches even to those we love best. How delightful to us then are the little caresses of children! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms; and then, and then only, we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure.

THE patter of little feet and the patter of the summer rain are among the sweetest sounds in the world of nature.

FACETIÆ

NOT a glee club—The Policeman's.

REGULAR branch establishments.—Trees.

WHEN does a man shave with a silver razor?—When he cuts off his heirs with a shilling.

LOVE without money has been cynically compared to a pair of shiny leather boots without soles.

"SMOTHERED VENUS" is a California dish, and, in spite of its name, it's only beefsteak and onions.

IN a Montana newspaper appeared the following: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

A MUSICAL critic out West says of a vocalist of vocal celebrity: "She has a magnificent voice for a fog whistle."

A YOUNG man's friends objects to his being loose, but somehow they have an equal objection to his becoming tight.

A YOUNG mother says that you may always know an old bachelor by the fact of his always speaking of a baby as "it."

FRENCHWOMEN are divided in opinion as to the revival of bonnet-strings, one party wishing to have bows under their chins, whilst others are content with keeping their beaux under their thumbs.

A POPULAR preacher lately enriched one of his sermons with this jewel. "Remember, I beseech you, that we are sailing down the stream of time, and must inevitably land in the ocean of eternity."

AT a recent meeting of a society in New York, composed of men from the Emerald Isle, a member made the following motion: "Mr. President, I move that we whitewash the ceilin' green, in honor of the ould flag."

CROSS-EXAMINING a witness, a New York attorney asked, "Were you not, on the night on which you say you were robbed, in such a state of vinous excitement as to preclude the possibility of your comprehension of your situation with that accuracy and precision necessary to a delineation of truth?"

AN OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE, says a Detroit paper, who came by the Central road yesterday morning, saw about thirty hacks at the door of the depot, and about thirty hackmen shouted "hack" at them. The man took it all as a high compliment, and turning to the old lady he said: "I tell you, mother, they think we are something great, or they'd never had all these carriages down here to meet us. I wonder how they knowed we was coming."

A BABY'S SOLILOQUY.—I am here. And, if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very funnely world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scrabble at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. The old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled snuff in it last night, and when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby. Never mind, when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me know, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush, don't wake up Emmeline's baby," and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emmeline.

"No, I was mistaken, for a chap was in here just now, and wanted to see Bob's baby, and looked at me, and said I "was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to? Yes, there's another one—that's "Ganma." Emmeline told me, and she took me up and held me against her soft cheek and said, "It was Ganma's baby, so it was." I declare I do not know who I do belong to; but I'll holler, and, maybe, I'll find out.

There comes Snuffy with catnip tea. The idea of giving babies catnip tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep. I wonder if I don't look pretty red in the face? I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to?

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

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THE LUNGS AND THROAT,

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THEORY OF ODORS.

So much has been written on our five physical faculties—sight, hearing, taste, touch and smelling—that it has occupied a large portion of the various published works from the time when printing was invented. The three senses first named have fairly been "written out;" but not much as yet appeared relating directly or indirectly to the others. Mr. Piesse now gives us a theory of the olfactory nerve in distinguishing perfumes. Scents appear to influence the smelling nerve in certain definite degrees. There is, as it were, an octave of odors, like an octave in music. Certain odors blend in unison, like the notes of an instrument. For instance, almond, heliotrope, vanilla and orange-blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again, we have citron, lemon, verbena and orange-peel, forming a higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The figure is completed by what are called semi-odors, such as rose and rose-geranium, for the half-note; patty grain, the nonic neroly, a black key, or half-note; followed by *fleur d'orange*, a full note. Then we have patchouly, sandal-wood and vivert, with many others, running into each other. From the perfumes already known we may produce, by uniting them in proper proportions, the smell of almost any flower. When perfumes are mixed which strike the same key of the olfactory nerve no idea of a different scent is produced as the scent dies off from the handkerchief; but when they are not mixed upon this principle, then we hear that such and such a perfume becomes "sickly," or "faint," after it has been in use a short time.

A LOST NOBLEMAN.—There is a tradition belonging to the parish of Minster-Lovell, in Oxfordshire, that Francis Lord Lovell, being attainted during the reign of Henry VII, was pursued by soldiers, who endeavored to capture him; and having been seen to enter his house at Minster-Lovell, he was never heard of or found, notwithstanding every search was made for him. There is also a subsequent tradition that, in the eighteenth century, when the house formerly occupied by the Lovells was pulled down, in a vault was found the person of a man in very rich clothing, seated in a chair, with a table and a mass-book before him. The body was quite perfect when the workmen entered, but the air soon turned it to dust.

SEE that each hour's feelings, and thoughts, and actions are pure and true; then will your life be such. The wide pasture is but separate spears of grass; the sheeted bloom of the prairies but isolated flowers.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: On the Third page, after reading matter, Seventy-five cents a line; on Seventh page, Fifty cents a line, agate measurement. Cash to be paid in advance.

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The Boudoir

FASHION NOTES & QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Among the "on dits" that reach us from the centre of the fashionable world, comes one concerning the fiat of Monsieur Worth, the distinguished dress artist, in favor of plaids. This mighty potentate, before whose criticism royalty lowers its crowned head, and in dread of whose withering frown duchesses and countesses stand trembling, has only to nod his "ambrosial curls" towards a style and forthwith it becomes a model, by which the entire fashionable world arrays itself; or else it is crushed in its birth hour by ever so slight an arch of his expressive brow, or the scarcely perceptible elevation of the extreme corner of his left shoulder, in that comprehensive and utterly annihilating gesture, so peculiarly France's weapon of war in social life—and which loses its cunning when wielded by strange hands.

To be brief, plaids are going to be, nay, are fashionable—has not Worth said it? Follow the great leader with discriminating footsteps, oh fair friends. Ye who are short and plump, indulge not in the extreme of the mode. Let your squares and blocks be small and of "sober, sad coloring." Choose ye rather the modest "shepherd's" plaid of white and black or blue and gray in tiny checks; or else the dim brown, combined with darker shades. Flee before the wide and *prononce* "Forty-second." Let your wise souls abhor the "Victoria," the "Stuart" and the like conspicuity of the "McLean." In fact the path of decided safety for all sizes, figures and complexions, lies in following the modest footway of neutral tints and small figured patterns. Having given which note of warning, we now proceed to the description of such suits under this head, which it has been our privilege to see.

One which we think will be acceptable to our readers, was a combination of black cashmere, with fine "shepherd's plaid;" not the familiar black and white check, known to us by that name, but a similarly sized check of blue and dark gray.

The underskirt of this suit was of the plaid. The back breadths laid in heavy kilt pleats. The front simple, trimmed only with pieces, cut bias, of the plaid, rounded at the top, bound with black, and laid on diagonally, from the knee to the end of the skirt; sash piece held in place by a black covered button.

The overskirt was a double apron, the lower and larger one of the black cashmere, piped with the plaid. The upper one quite short, and of the plaid. The scarf sashes at the back are of the black, lined with the plaid, cut long and square at the ends, the sides turned over and fastened in long tapering revers by buttons, and thus revealing the plaid lining.

The cuirass basque was of the cashmere with plain coat sleeves of the plaid, also standing collar and revers of the same. If such a suit were worn for traveling, a double cape is added—the larger being of the plaid, the upper of the cashmere.

Among new woolen goods is the "Galashiels tweed," a soft material in dark, dim colors and with large diagonals. And among the new silks is a dark rich variety, known as the "Matelasse," which has figures woven upon it, giving a heavy, velvety appearance.

The polonaise, like Mr. Punchinello, continues to pop up with "Here we are again," despite the efforts to put it down. We have seen one or two very elegant ones in velvet for the more advanced autumn season and the winter months. Their extreme simplicity charmed us, for to adorn velvet with embroidery, lace and passamenterie, always seemed to us like painting the lily. Its lustrous richness should be unmarred.

One we shall sketch was destined to adorn the lovely figure of a belle of our city. It was long and full, very slightly draped in the back by tapes under the seams. The edge was corded with lustreless silk. The fronts were square and looped high at the sides; the looping done by five plaits, upturned and held in place by as many large crochet buttons. The front was buttoned to the knee. The only ornament was a heavy silk cord and flat tassels of fine silk twist, looped from the left shoulder to the centre of the back, just below the standing collar.

Bonnets are being shown with half wreath in front, of gray and shaded leaves of the "foliage" plants so popular among florists. Others have clusters of roses in front, ending in long vines, which pass over the crown.

"Blue jet" is very fashionable. Beaded belts with jet chatelaines and pockets attached are much worn. Fashionable jet earrings are tiny hearts with an arrow piercing them.

NINON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ESSIE."—Braid your hair in one heavy plait, and loop it low, tying with black ribbon.

BELLA G.—Yes, there is a fashion in china as well as in dress, furniture, etc. For a young housekeeper of moderate means the plain white French china is most preferable. You can always match it, too, if pieces break, and you know they always will.

LOTTIE.—Suits of cashmere and silk will be very fashionable again this season. Many are combining the two by having back breadths of silk and front of cashmere, but we must confess a distaste to such. They remind us of patchwork quilts, or scarcity of material.

ANNETTE.—What a foolish girl you are to "agonize" over an inoffensive little mole that ventures too near your rosy lips. Why, many persons consider such marks very beautiful, even going so far as to imitate them with cunningly shaped bits of black court-plaster. Let your face remain as nature formed it, dear child, and so cultivate the soul and heart which shine through it that you may possess a beauty not merely "skin-deep."

MRS. J.—There is an old adage that if you keep a garment seven years it will be in vogue again at the end of that period. Your check silk, which you say you have had fourteen years, is now quite fashionable and known by the new name of "quadrille" silk. Make it into a plain overskirt, and trim with brown silk of the shade to match the brown block in your plaid. Read "Boudoir" for Sept. 6th for additional hints concerning it.

"WHITHER THOU GOEST I WILL GO."

BY A. F. PERRERS.

All through the moon-lit way we loitered,
Annette and I, with spirits light,
As from a schoolmate's joyous wedding
I saw her home, one fair June night;
But sweetest moments are the fleetest,
And all too soon, that brief walk o'er,
Within a porch of blossoming roses,
We lingered at her cottage door.

I knew 'twas late, and yet I tarried;
'Twas hard to tear myself away;
For, though her lips "good night" had whispered,
Somehow, her eyes still bade me stay.
Her hand in mine was shyly nestled,
I slipped an arm beneath her shawl,
And on each dimpled cheek I kissed her—
The maid I loved the best of all.

The household all were wrapped in slumber;
I had no fear that they would hear
No word of all the vows I murmured
O'So softly in her listening ear;
No one could see us, for the roses
That shut the world out shut us in—
Ah, me! it's just such precious moments
Whose memory makes all hearts akin.

How timidly I asked my darling
To name for me the happy day,
When, from another merry wedding,
I, too, might lead a bride away!
I wondered I had dared to ask her
Until, in accents sweet and low,
Came from her lips the old new story,
"Where'er thou goest I will go."

That dear old porch, with all its roses,
Has long since fallen to decay;
And we, who lingered in its shadow,
Together have grown old and gray.
The joys of earth, how frail and fleeting!
But in that home beyond the skies,
We know that we shall love for ever,
For true love never, never dies!

HAUNTED!

"That Bottle of Old Rye."

BY FREDERICK B. MILLS.

"Ghosts, indeed!" said old Pettergrew, "what next, I wonder!"

Simon Pettergrew was the appointed agent to the estate of Jabez Jungle, recently deceased—said Mr. Jabez Jungle having shuffled off this mortal coil at the age of fourscore years, leaving his worldly matters in a state of extreme perplexity.

Mr. Simon Pettergrew—or "old Pettergrew," as the tenants called him—was taking a "bird's-eye view" of the property whose rentals he was in future to collect. He stopped at an empty house and wondered why it wasn't tenanted.

Somebody suggested that the house was haunted by evil spirits—ghosts!

"Ghosts, indeed!" said Pettergrew, "what next I wonder!"

From the recesses of a capacious pocket he drew forth a printed sheet which announced, "This House to Let—apply to Mr. Simon Pettergrew," at his offices thereunder designated, and with the assistance of a bottle of mucilage he succeeded in affixing the paper to the wall.

The neighbors shook their heads doubtfully. "Guess that's a scare for 'ghosts,'" said Pettergrew, approving his own handiwork—"spirits won't live rent free here."

"Who's got the key?" he next shouted, looking around him, sternly. "How can we obtain access to the dwelling?"

No one could say, but half a dozen keys for trial were speedily forthcoming. At length one fitted.

"Now," said the agent, shaking his fist at the invisible—"now for the ghost!"

"Don't it look like taking the place by storm?" queried Dick Fibre, a little nervous man, who had been attracted by the crowd—"suppose——"

"Don't suppose anything," said the agent; "who's afraid?"

Of course no one pleaded guilty to the charge. Dick buttoned his coat over, and prepared himself for anything that might happen suddenly.

"Who'll go first!" said Pettergrew, "and thereby prove his valor?"

No one offered himself for the position. Dick made two steps forward, but hastily retreated. At length old Pettergrew himself entered, and several of the neighbors followed his footsteps cautiously.

Nothing could be seen but mouldy walls and fragments of broken glass and china; neither upstairs nor downstairs, nor in the basement or cellar was there any sign of human or spiritual habitation.

Pettergrew opened the windows and doors, and returned to the street triumphantly.

"Wouldn't give a fig for all the ghost stories that ever spoiled paper," he said. "Bless me, what's that!"

It was a noise overhead like the sudden closing of a door, followed by a distant rumble that died slowly away.

"Pshaw! it's the wind," said Pettergrew, "the windows are all open."

"You wouldn't care to live here?" said Fibre, doggedly.

"Wouldn't I?" answered Pettergrew, "well, we'll see."

The house remained untenanted. Some of the neighbors declared that the form of Jabez Jungle had appeared at one of the windows, surrounded with the glare of colored fire. Others, who had not witnessed the phenomenon, shook their heads very wisely, as people who are not quite certain very often do.

"Who'll have the house rent free for a month?" asked Pettergrew, one day, but none volunteered.

"Three months?" said Pettergrew.

Still no offer to take possession, even upon those terms.

"Six months?" shouted Pettergrew, but his appeal was vain.

"Then I'll live in it myself," he resolved. "I'll very soon lay the ghost."

He wished he hadn't said it. They all anxiously inquired when he would move in. "It wasn't convenient just then," was his reply, generally; at last some one said that he was "afraid, no doubt."

He saw that he must "face the music"—or the ghosts, so he made the best of it, and speedily had the best room fitted up for his accommodation.

With great ceremony he took possession one evening, armed with a bottle of "old rye" and a revolver.

No one would accompany him throughout the night—not even on the promise of a companion bottle. Several neighbors promised to "call him early," however, and with this he was forced to be contented.

He could not sleep, so he made himself as comfortable as possible and took several small instalments of the spirituous liquid.

"Ghosts, indeed!" he muttered, inspired with additional courage by the exhilarating beverage. "I'd like to see them."

Now Pettergrew never knew whether he fell asleep or not, but it appeared to him that no sooner had he uttered the words, "I'd like to see them," than the windows and doors began to rattle spitefully, and in walked, just as natural as in life, the figure of Jabez Jungle!

Old Pettergrew wasn't in the least frightened—so he said afterwards—in fact, he tried to take his old friend by the hand, but failed in the endeavor; because from the moment of the spirit's entry, the room began to whirl around with extraordinary velocity, so that, at times, there appeared to be some half dozen disembodied beings present at the same time.

What followed Simon Pettergrew always declined to state. He hinted that his deceased friend had given him some important information, and had vanished in a sheet of blue flame, after drinking from the bottle to the health and prosperity of all his relatives and friends, and promising never to appear again at all, of which the neighbors expressed their great gratification.

But as Simon was fast asleep when the curious visited him, and the bottle of "old rye" was quite empty, there were many who expressed almost as great a doubt upon his veracity as they had previously expressed a belief in the supernatural—which was ungenerous, but it is human nature.

Certain it is, however, that there were no more ghostly visitations, and another remarkable event occurred. The perplexity in the affairs of the deceased gentleman was speedily removed! Some said that the ghost had informed Pettergrew where his last will and testament was hidden. Others hinted that the agent was in fault and that the spirit had demanded immediate restitution.

And Simon shook his head to all their questionings, but he insists that it was the ghost of Jabez Jungle who finished "that bottle of old rye."

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

BY W. H. DANVERS.

I stood beside the window, and looked out seaward. The night was fair and radiant. The horizon glittered like a line of silver in the moonlight. A few white sails showed dim and ghastly in the far blue distance. The waves broke in deep and passionate murmurs on the white sands of the beach, and dashed themselves into white spray against the rocks of the headland, looming gray and dismal in the moonlit fog that wrapped them in.

Down on the beach two persons paced up and down, followed, in the moonlight, by two long and ghastly shadows.

I shuddered, wondering if there was not a shadow over their hearts.

I knew well enough who they were.

That woman in the white dress, which floated about her in cloud-like airiness, and whose hair was like a veil of yellow sunshine about her face, was the one woman in the world to me.

And the man with a tall and stately figure, full of youthful suppleness and grace, and the face, dark, handsome, passionate, was the man I hated most of all men.

He was the serpent in my Paradise.

A month ago he had come to Seaview, at my own invitation.

I had never seen him.

When we made out our list of invitations for the summer, Olive insisted on inviting Royal Dare.

I, who was always pleased to acquiesce in anything my wife proposed, willingly agreed to her proposition, and Royal Dare was asked to spend a few weeks with us.

"I suppose you know that your wife and I were lovers once," he said, the morning after his arrival.

"No, I was not aware of any such thing," I said, coldly.

"Ah! She never told you? Strange!" His dark, evil eyes were upon my face.

I felt them, though I did not look up.

"Yes," he went on, "we were lovers not so very long ago. I don't know exactly what came between us. The sight of your wife's face fans the old flame in my heart. I find I have not forgotten the old passion."

I did not answer.

"You won't be jealous, I hope, if I am with her a great deal?" he said, with a smile curling about his lips.

"You are a gentleman, I trust," I answered. "I am not afraid to trust my wife with any gentleman."

"Ah!"

His tone was so insolent, that I wanted to knock him down.

I knew that he thought me a weak sort of a man, and had that sort of contempt for me that men of exuberant health and vitality sometimes have for those who are lacking in strength and health.

From the first he was much with Olive. I thought I was sure of her love, and that no danger could come of their being much together. I did not believe him to be base and cowardly enough to win my wife from her allegiance to me.

But, as the days wore on into weeks, I found I had erred in my judgment of the man. As the days went by, I awoke to a terrible truth. My wife was fascinated by his wiles; she was like a bird in the spell of the serpent.

Beneath his evil glance she was powerless to resist him.

I was too proud to seek to keep the love she should have given me alone, when I found that she cared more for him than she had any right to.

I held myself aloof, saying that I wanted no love that could waver as hers had.

Sometimes I was half crazed with pain and trouble.

I did love her, for all I never sought to keep her heart faithful to me.

I had loved her from the first as I could never love another woman, and a love so deep and strong as mine could not be easily broken or thrust aside.

I questioned myself as to what to do.

I could only feel that the sunshine was slipping out of my life, and I was too proud to stretch out my hand and endeavor to keep it back.

As I stood there in the white radiance of the summer moonlight, the thought came to me that the end was not far off.

They came up the path slowly, his scintillant eyes upon her face, holding her entranced, spellbound, fascinated.

They came into the parlor and some one begged for music.

"Sing 'By the Orchard Stile,'" he said to Olive. "We used to sing that together, you know. I haven't heard it since."

"If you will help me," she said, seating herself at the piano.

"I will try. I have not sung half a dozen times since that summer," he said, and took his place beside her.

It was a simple little song, but he put a world of pathos into it. As he sang, he let his eyes wander to Olive's face.

As if obeying some impulse that she could not resist, she lifted her eyes to his, and a swift wave of color drifted into her cheeks; and then she dropped her eyes to the keys again, and did not lift them till the song was done.

I cannot tell much about the next few hours.

I remember fitful, feverish dreams through a long and weary night.

I remember the breaking daylight, cold, dreary, gray, and dismal.

I remember seeing a folded paper thrust inside my door, and on opening it, I read a few short words, but in them was a world of bitterness. Olive had gone away from me.

She had found out her mistake in marrying me when it was too late. Had found out that she loved another more than she could ever hope to love me, and she was going away with him. Perhaps it was wrong and sinful; but she acted from the impulse of the heart, and the world might judge her as it saw fit. Loving another, as she loved Royal Dare, life with me would be one long misery. She asked me to forgive her, saying that she had nothing but kindness to remember of me, and that was all.

Only a few short words, but they were like a dirge over the beautiful hopes and dreams that were that moment lying dead at my feet.

I went about for hours in a kind of bewildered way, as one who gropes in darkness. Henceforth the sun might shine for others, but never again for me. For me there were only shadows in the years to be. I wondered if they would be long and many. Long I knew they would be, with such a memory as was mine to drag through them.

The morning faded out in a gray radiance into the warm brightness of a sunny afternoon.

I sat alone, looking out to sea, when I heard wheels upon the avenue.

A carriage had stopped before the door, and two men were lifting out something long and slender, covered with a black cloth.

I started with a strange shudder running through my nerves.

What was it that the black cloth hid away beneath its dreary folds?

I went down, and met the men and their burden in the hall.

One of them handed me a paper, as they laid that awfully suggestive shape down.

I opened the paper and read:

"JOHN:—I am dying. God has saved me on the brink of an awful sin. I see it all now. Death is near by, and I can look at things as they are. Oh! my husband, I love you. I can say it truly. With death so near how could I be false? The spell that Royal Dare threw over me is gone. I know now that I did not love him. I was fascinated, and his strong and evil will held me in his power. Standing by my side, when I am dead, say that you forgive me, and I shall hear you."

Only a few short words, but, oh! so precious—so unspeakably sweet to me.

I folded back the cloth from my dead wife's face, and knelt beside her.

"Olive," I said, kissing her still lips, "I forgive you. Do you hear me?"

Was it fancy, or did a smile steal over her face, like moonlight over snow?

"I forgive you," I said, softly. "You are mine, all mine now. No one can come between us again, darling."

I thought that something whispered "never more."

Perhaps it was one of those foolish fancies of mine.

But this I do know, over there Olive is waiting—mine!

A DINNER AU CHINOIS.

A Chinese dinner of ceremony must always be preceded by three written invitations addressed to the persons invited. The first invitation is sent the day previous to the *fete*, the second is sent on the morning on which the *fete* is to be given, in order to remind the guests of the honor they have been requested to do the writer, and to beg them anew not to fail to come; finally, when everything is prepared and the master of the house is ready to receive his guests, a third invitation is sent to acquaint them of his extreme impatience to see them. In accordance with the ancient usages of China, the place of honor is given to foreigners, and to that foreigner who comes the farthest; the host always occupies the humblest place. When he introduces his guests into the dining-hall he salutes them one after the other; next, he pours some wine into a porcelain cup, and after making a low bow to the most distinguished of his convives he carries it towards him. The guest responds to this civility by endeavors to prevent the host from taking so much trouble, and at the same time he has wine brought him in a cup, and takes some steps towards the host's place, who in his turn politely remonstrates. The dinner is always begun by drinking wine. The chief butler or steward, with one knee on the ground, importunes all the guests to drink. Each one now takes his cup with both hands, raises it as high as his forehead, carries it down lower than the table, then raises it to his mouth and drinks slowly, stopping two or three times. The host also presses his guests to drink, which he does first, and then shows the bottom of his cup, that all may see that he has emptied it—an example every one is expected to follow. At the beginning of the second course each guests sends by his own servants divers little bags of red paper, each containing a small sum of money, to the cook, the steward, players, and servants who wait at the table. The amount is more or less, according to the position of the person who gives the entainment; but these presents are made only when the *fete* is enlivened by a play. The entertainer of course does not allow these little offerings to be made until he has indulged in a series of expostulations. On returning from the dining-room the host never fails to express his regrets that he has not been able to offer his guests something better.

A HUMAN SMILE.—Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

CHILDHOOD has little retrospection; its heart and soul are in the future, a glorified dream. Memory, with all its pleasures and pains, is for the old, and chiefly for the prematurely old; but youth is a vision of the islands of the blest; it tells its own fairy tale to itself, and is at once the inventor and hero.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. O. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 721 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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☞ In ordering, the name and P. O. address should be clearly written. When a change of direction is desired, the *former* as well as the *present* address must be given.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—A Too Ready Tongue; A Meeting at Notre Dame; Jottings on Home Life; The Little Orange Girl; Mated at Last; True Love and False; The Homeless Lad; The Pretty Lass; The Runaway; The Blameless Sue; A Heart's Love.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

Will the author of a MS. entitled "The True Story of the Song of Sixpence: A Fairy Extravaganza," please send us present P. O. address?

ST. ELMO.—The best work we know of to teach yourself French is "Ollendorff's New Method of Learning French," with key, which we can send you for $2.25.

J. M. B. G.—We are sorry we are unable to ascertain all the particulars which you wish to know regarding the place in question. It is, we know, a very small place.

R. J. M.—If you are sitting with a lady friend in a pew in church, and other ladies wish to come in who are strangers to your friend as well as to yourself, it is not at all necessary for you to give up your seat; you should sit further up the pew.

SMITH.—"What is the difference between six dozen dozens and half a dozen dozens?" An exceedingly simple question, to be sure. Six dozen are seventy-two; therefore, six dozen dozens means seventy-two dozens. Half a dozen is six; therefore "half a dozen dozens" means six dozen.

J. C. B.—You must indeed be quite a stranger to us, and must be very ignorant of the character of THE POST, to imagine for a moment that we would insert in our columns the "Personal" advertisement you sent to us. No really respectable young women, or any who are really worth having for wives, would answer such advertisements.

R. Y.—We have answered this question over and over again. A person born in England of American parents is American. Suppose your parents had happened to be at Constantinople when you were born, would you consider yourself a Turk? A person follows the nationality of his father, no matter what may be the place of his birth.

MILDRED.—If the gentleman to whom you are engaged is absent from the city, it would certainly be considered very improper for you to accept the attentions and escort of other gentlemen. Your lover would have good reason to be deeply offended, and we would not be at all surprised if such an act of imprudence on your part would even lead to a rupture of your engagement.

S. A. M.—The term of enlistment in the U. S. navy is five years. Able seamen receive $30 per month, ordinary seamen $18 and landsmen $14; in addition to this they each receive $1.50 a month in lieu of the grog ration, which has been abolished. There are recruiting offices near the wharves in all seaboard cities. None but men over twenty-one years of age are enlisted, and they must be physically sound, and not under five feet six inches in height.

TWO BOYS.—If she has confessed, we do not see what good there is in your trying not to believe the stories you have been told about her, and as you say you "can never now marry her" the best thing for you to do is to quietly drop her acquaintance and forget her as quickly as you can. 2. We know nothing whatever as to the "honesty" of the man you refer to. 3. We are not in want of "a printer." 4. Tell us how old you are first, and then we can answer your last question.

ST. GEORGE.—There is a fund in Philadelphia known as the Franklin Fund we believe, which has for its principal object the helping of energetic and industrious young men by advancing them small sums of money as loans. But these loans are made on unexceptionable freehold security *only*, and if the borrower is unable to repay the amount loaned him punctually on the day agreed upon the sureties are obliged to do so for him. You may therefore judge from this what probabilities there are of your being able to get any assistance from this quarter.

D. C.—Whoever told you that New Zealand belonged to Japan, and again to China, knew certainly very little indeed of geography or history. It is one of the Australasian colonies of Great Britain, having its legislative power vested in a House of Parliament of two chambers, the first called the Legislative Council and the second the House of Representatives. The executive is vested in a Governor, appointed by the English crown. 2. We are not permitted to give the name of the author of the story to which you refer. 3. We shall very shortly make use of the contributions to "Our Own Sphinx" which you kindly sent us.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The best way for you to get all the information you want regarding the college in question would be for you to write direct to the President or Secretary of the Faculty of the institution, enclosing a stamp for return postage. They will send you a catalogue and circular which will give you fuller information than we could possibly give you in the limited space which we have at our disposal in this column. There is no fear of your not receiving a reply, as they are not only willing but glad to extend a full knowledge of the advantages to be enjoyed in their institution to all who desire it.

READER.—The quotation, of which you only give one line, is as follows:

"To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death! Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow: a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

You will find it in Shakespeare's "Macbeth," Act V, Scene 5.

J. F. D.—"I should be much obliged if you would tell me what is the comparative indebtedness of the United States and Great Britain. Conversing on the subject with an Englishman the other day, he asserted that the debt of the latter was not much in excess of that of this country, which I did not believe, but could not deny, as I had not the figures to prove him wrong." The total amount of England's national debt was at the end of April of this year $3,896,470,000, while that of the United States a month later was $2,145,263,433. Although these are not the very latest, still there has not been any great change within the last two or three months, and they are sufficient to enable you to prove to your friend that he was mistaken in his statement.

E. W. W.—What do you mean by "how can I find phrases and clauses in a sentence?" We don't comprehend. 2. The lady must first recognize the gentleman. 3. No. You should not give your picture to the gentleman, unless, of course, you are engaged to him, or expect to be very soon. 4. If the young man never comes to see you, we doubt very much his thinking so much of you as you say he does. At all events, he shows his liking for you in a very peculiar manner. 5. "The right age for a couple to marry" is when they have reached years of discretion, and not a bit sooner. Some attain this point earlier in life than others, and some few never arrive at it at all; these, of course, should never marry. 6. The letters "i. e." which have puzzled you stand for the Latin words "Id est," and mean "that is." 7. It would be an invidious task for us to say which is the best grammar, but take our advice and fix upon one as soon as possible and study it, as we are sorry to see so many mistakes in your letter, both in spelling and composition.

IGNORAMUS.—"I often read and hear of a fire having been caused by "a defective flue," but am ashamed to say I never understood what that meant and how it caused the fire. Please take pity on my ignorance and explain it to me." You need never be ashamed to acknowledge that you don't understand everything, and if you do not ask you will never be any wiser. A defective flue is one that has open unplastered joints in the brickwork, through which flames and sparks can pass into the spaces between the floor and ceiling, and in which soot can accumulate or take fire. If the joints in the bricks of the flue are carefully covered with mortar, no joist built into or touching it, and no door or woodwork allowed to come in contact with it, there would never be any fear of fire on that score.

M. H. W.—A great deal of romance has been written about love in a cottage, and it is, of course, a possible and a very pleasant thing. But we must not be led away into forgetting the fact that the hard-hearted owners of the said cottages require rent for them. Butchers bills must be paid; bread is as much per loaf to lovers as to any one else. No warmth of passion will do away in winter with the necessity for coal. Granting that the husband is earning enough to-day, what security is there that he will be doing so to-morrow? It is an unsafe thing, very imprudent and very hazardous, for two young human turtle-doves to agree to mate with no provision in advance for the nest. In these remarks remember we do not wish to frighten you into thinking that all such marriages turn out unhappy and unfortunate, for we know that some do turn out well, but there is always the chance, and it is a game of hazard which the really sensible will not care to play, and which we would never advise any one who asks us our advice ever to attempt.

H. F. M.—"Please explain to me what is the meaning of the abbreviations used in the press reports issued from the chief signal office relative to the weather, as it has often puzzled me to understand what "Old Probabilities" means in his weather divisions." "New England States," or the "Northeast" or "Eastern States," include Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island. "Middle States," or sometimes "Middle Atlantic States," are New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia and Virginia. "South Atlantic States" are North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Northern and Eastern Florida. The "Gulf States" are Western Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. The "Northwest" is the country lying between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. The "Southwest" means Texas, Indian Territory and New Mexico. "Pacific Coast," or "Pacific States," include California, Oregon and Washington Territory. The "Ohio Valley" includes a belt of country about two hundred miles in breadth from Pittsburg to Cairo. These are the principal abbreviations most generally in use in the weather reports, and will we hope help you to a better understanding of them in the future.

J. C. C.—"Please give me directions how to make what is called leaf photographs? Is there any simple way of taking them, such that anybody could do it without any previous knowledge of photography or without going to any great expense?" The following process is so simple and so inexpensive that any one can do it, and by following the directions given it is scarcely possible to fail, and a little practice will make perfect. At any drug store get five cents worth of bichromate of potash. Put this into a two ounce bottle of soda water. When the solution has become saturated—that is, the water has dissolved as much as it will—pour off some of the clear liquid into a shallow dish; on this float a piece of ordinary writing-paper till it is thoroughly and evenly moistened. Let it become nearly dry in the dark. It should be bright yellow. On this put the leaf, under it a piece of soft black cloth and several pieces of newspaper. Put this between two pieces of glass (all the pieces should be the same size), and with spring clothespins fasten them together. Expose to a bright sun, placing the leaf so that the rays will fall on it as nearly perpendicular as possible. In a few minutes it will begin to turn brown, but it requires from half an hour to several hours to produce a good print. When it has become dark enough take it from the frame and put it in clear water, which must be changed every few minutes till the yellow part becomes perfectly white. Sometimes the venation of the leaves will be quite distinct. These photographs are very pretty indeed, as well as interesting.

CARRIE.—You have put to us one of the hardest and most puzzling questions possible when you ask us to tell you how you can find out whether a gentleman means anything serious in the attentions he is paying you. Sterne defined the advances made by a man as "a course of small quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as to be misunderstood, with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it." What a depth of cunning and discretion there is in his definition! You will see how difficult it is ever to make sure that these delicate attentions are being paid you? Some think that squeezing the hand is one of these small quiet attentions which has great meaning in it, but this we do not believe is always a very safe sign, and no more to be relied upon than is a reed to be leant upon in a tempest. Others again think that kissing really does mean something serious, but we believe only in betrothed kisses; experimental ones do not always result in the former. We read somewhere that the experience of a lady who had been wooed eleven times, and who therefore we presume knew a good deal about it, was that the only attentions to be taken notice of and to be relied upon are those that touch the pocket. "Whenever the gentleman," she said, "begins to offer gifts, costly according to his means, depend upon it the affair has become a business with him as well as with you." We hope that you will be able soon to ascertain for yourself whether the gentleman does mean anything or not.

ASPIRANT.—You say that you have become discontented with your present business (what it is you do not mention); you think that you could succeed in the field of literature if only you could get a fair start and sufficient encouragement, and ask us to advise you what you should do in order to get into a position better adapted to your taste and genius. Literature should be used as a staff, not as a crutch. Remarkably few are able to make it the sole means of a respectable livelihood. The profession is thronged by persons who have no chance, and never had a chance of success. And why? Because they plunged rashly into a business for which they were neither prepared by study nor qualified by natural gifts. Our advice to you, and to any who may, like you, have a consciousness of any taste or talent of a desirable kind, is to cultivate it quietly until an opportunity comes, and till they find they can trust to it for their advancement in this world. Things should be allowed to come about naturally. There should be a patient submission to circumstances; but let the best be made of them, and the rest will follow. Be earnest in the business in which you are at present engaged, and hold fast by it till you get something better. The belief that your present employment is beneath your merits, and that you are capable of something higher and better, should never have the effect of making you despise or neglect the former, however humble it may be. If it is worth our while to do a thing at all, it is surely worth our while to do it well. If, as we suspect, you have a feeling of false shame on the subject of your present employment, whatever it may be, you should at once banish it by the reflection that there are vast numbers of men of worth and talent superior to yours, laboring and laboring cheerfully, at still meaner employments. It is not the employment that makes us respectable, but our conduct in it. By these remarks we do not wish to be understood as being opposed to a moderate indulgence of the imagination and ambition; on the contrary, we think it tends to good. But the danger is that it may go too far, and that you may in conceiving a distaste or contempt for your ordinary avocations neglect the source of present comfort and respectability.

MISCELLANEOUS.—J. T.—To be candid, your education would have to be greatly improved before you could hope to pass the requisite examination. R. F.—In a case of spinal deformity, such as the case you speak of, you should consult a medical man; we can do nothing. AMY.—The best means of giving color to your cheeks without painting is to take plenty of exercise in the open air. GEO. R.—The flushing and burning of your cheeks we ascribe to excitement, and not to any defect in your digestive powers. G. W.—There is no legal objection whatever to the marriage of cousins. G. F. H.—It would be exceedingly improper for a gentleman to write an avowal of affection to a lady with whom he is unacquainted. D. M. F.—When the name of the author of any serial is not given, as in this case, you may be assured there are adequate reasons for so doing. W. H.—We know nothing regarding the actress whom you name, and if we did we would decline answering your questions, as we do not recognize your right to ask them. J. F. C.—The average length of voyage from New York to Havre, in France, is nine days. J. L. L.—The most extensive salt manufactories in the United States are, if we mistake not, in Syracuse, in the State of New York.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*